

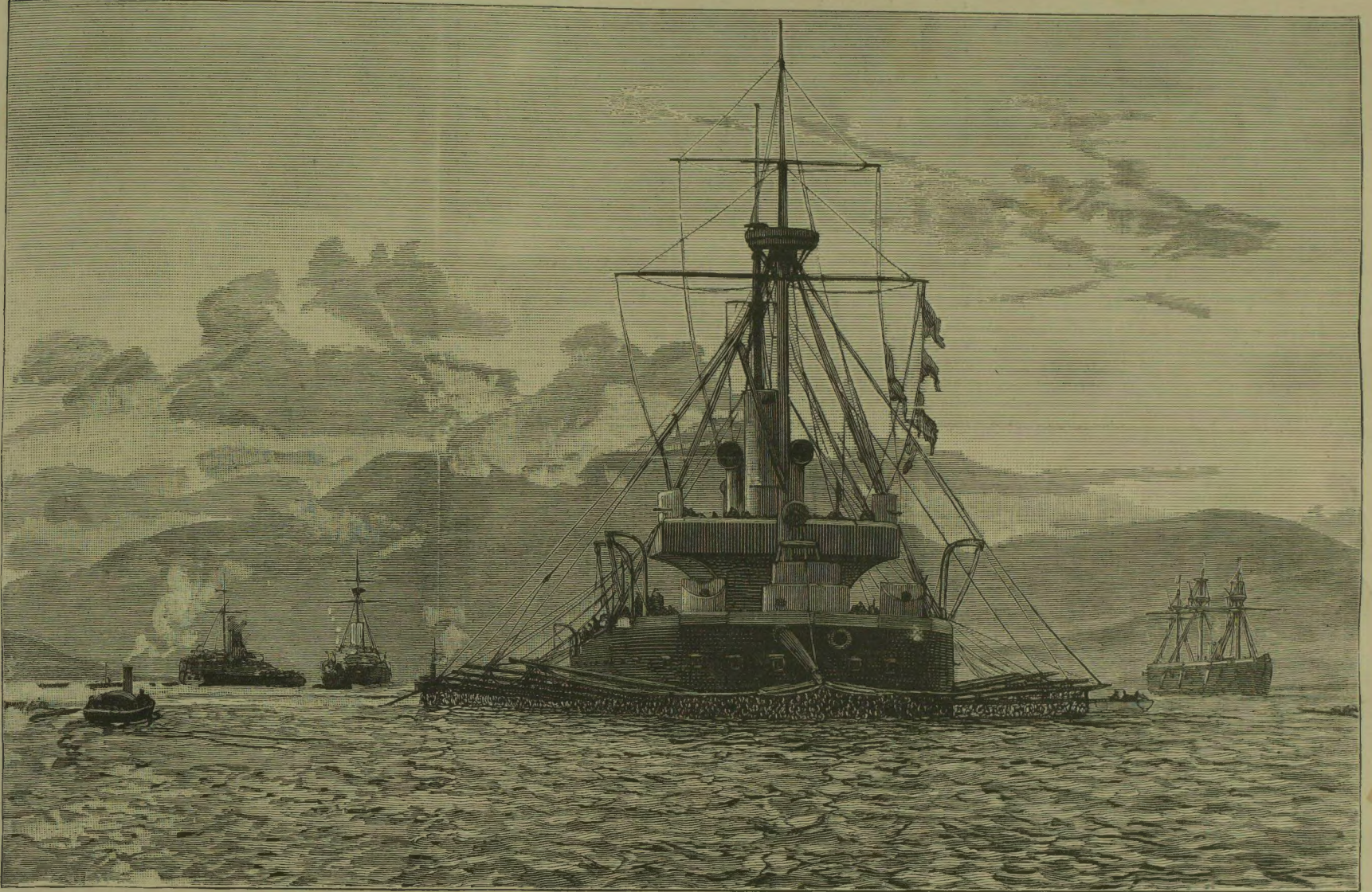
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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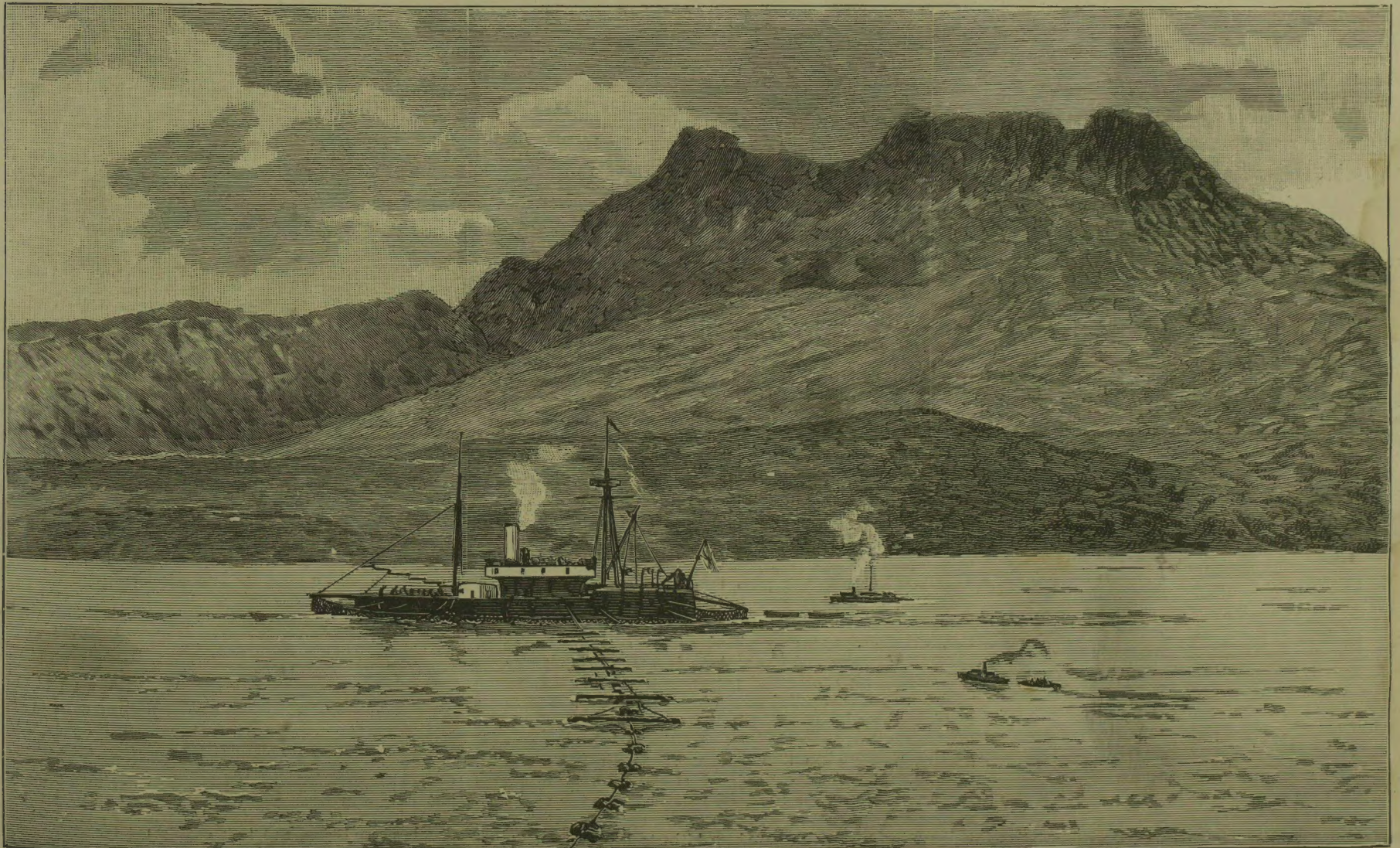
Hero.

Warspite.

Rupert.

Hercules.

H.M.S. RUPERT DEFENDING THE EASTERN ENTRANCE TO BEREHAVEN.



THE BOOM PROTECTING THE "B SQUADRON" IN BEREHAVEN.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES IN BANTRY BAY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. R. WELLS, WITH THE "B SQUADRON."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Mr. Grant Allen has had the audacity to state in the *Fortnightly Review* that there is no such thing as a born genius. This has, of course, been down upon him from persons who are neither born geniuses nor made ones, the observation that Mr. Grant Allen is not in a position to decide that question. He has no doubt said not only a very bold thing, but one contrary to established opinion. It would have been safer to assert that the man of genius is not always up to his own high-water mark, and is often surpassed by the man of talent, who takes more pains. It is a curious mistake of the critics to conceive of a writer of the former class as always belonging to it. They talk of "Scott's works" as though "Count Robert of Paris" was on the same level with "Rob Roy." In the case of poets, I venture to think that Mr. Grant Allen (who, nevertheless, is a man who knows what he is talking about, which is not the case with everybody) is wrong; the "Tears, idle tears," of Tennyson, for example, could never have been written by a man of mere talent, or by one even who had only "the capacity for taking infinite pains"; but as regards prose writers I am inclined to agree with him that the distinction is somewhat fanciful. At all events, one cannot withhold one's admiration from a man of letters who in these days has the courage of his opinions: the point he insists upon has, it is true, been always ruled against him, but not by a Court from which there is no appeal.

Such analogy as can be drawn from the gifts of the dog-world seems to militate against Mr. Grant Allen's theory. The instinct of some dogs not only in degree, but in kind, is so infinitely greater than that of others—acknowledged to be "clever dogs" too—as to almost suggest a parallel superiority to that of genius over talent. It is noticeable that good sporting dogs rarely do tricks, just as a young gentleman who distinguishes himself in orthodox fashion at the public school, or the university, seldom "leaves the metals," or makes a groove for himself. It is not the high-born King Charles' spaniel, with all the advantages of aristocratic surroundings, that delights you with his intelligence and high spirits, but the half-breed from whom one expects nothing. The collie is a dog of great sagacity, and very distinguished in his profession, but for great (if somewhat eccentric) intelligence, we must go to the French poodle. He has also some of the drawbacks that are too often found in connection with genius: he is not a domestic dog (in the moral sense) and has a temper that is charitably called "uncertain," but which can, in fact, be relied upon as an exceedingly bad one.

The Continental Powers have, of late, been trying various breeds of dogs for military purposes: to "relieve sentinels"—not quite in the ordinary way, however, but to keep what at sea are called "dog watches"—to search for the wounded, &c. This novel branch of canine industry has caused several French naturalists to give their attention to the dog. The Russians, M. Jupin tells us, prefer the Caucasian breed for army use; the Austrians, the Dalmatian; and the German, the Pomeranian wolf-dog; but the preference in France is given to the smugglers' dogs, of whatever breed, in the frontier towns, because (I am sorry to say) of their immoral, or at all events illegal, antecedents, which give them habits of duplicity. They are quite capable of pretending to belong to the dog-contingent of the enemy, and will probably be shot as spies. M. Robert narrates some unpleasant stories about that "friend of man," the Newfoundland. He not only corroborates the view of his drowning more people than he saves, but adds that he is vindictive. He tells how Alphonse Karr was almost eaten up by one which he had, too, immortalised in fiction; and how another gentleman had his left eye torn out by a Newfoundland which he had awakened rather suddenly by dropping his newspaper on him. In this case the animal, however, is excused on the ground of being "highly nervous," which was also, I should think, the case with his master ever afterwards in respect to Newfoundlands.

The country that is credited with the invention of gun-powder (which it has never known how to use) and of printing (which no one can read) has ideas of the same intelligent class respecting the human form divine. It applies torture without stint, and delights in the spectacle, but it is very solicitous about keeping the limbs intact; decapitation is thought seriously of, not on account of its putting folk to death (which is a trifle to a Chinaman), but because of its mutilating the body. "Amputation is vexation" is the motto even of its mathematicians; and when an operation is performed upon a native of the Flowery Land he literally "keeps the piece," or, if possible, even devours it, under the impression that he has thereby restored it to its rightful owner. The *North China Herald* cites a case of a Chinese gentleman who lost his eye, and disposed of it in this manner, though it could be of no more use to him than "the Pope's eye" in a leg of mutton. When their teeth fall out, the Chinese grind them to powder and swallow them in water. They may be "The Nation of the Future" for all I know, as they have long been the most befuddled people of the Past; but, judging of them by their "tricks and their manners," they are certainly, for the Present, the most idiotic race under the sun. There is one lesson, however, that the disciples of Confucius are in a position to teach us, and which it would be well for us to lay to heart—that it is quite possible to educate a nation, as well as an individual, beyond its wits.

A good instinct should always be indulged, because it may never occur again, but we should be quite sure of its being good. An Anarchist of Rheims (a professional description that somehow reminds one of those in Mr. Lear's "Book of Nonsense") was suddenly seized the other day with a desire (as Thomas Ingoldsby pleasantly expresses it) "to pink a

bourgeois." He had not a small-sword by him, which ought to have given him an opportunity for reflection, but, rather than let the aspiration fade away, he loaded his revolver. The Anarchist has an advantage over the sportsman in not having to go into the country to find his game; what, according to his own account, this gentleman was in search of was "a young, plump, and overfed citizen," and this is to be found in every street. The first bourgeois he "flushed" was in some respects attractive; he was a Magistrate, in comfortable circumstances, but he was aged, and did not, perhaps, satisfy the conditions of "plumpness." "I drew back," said the Anarchist, with dignity, "on finding myself face to face with so venerable a man." His forbearance was presently rewarded by meeting with a prosperous young wine-merchant, at whom he fired a couple of shots, but in his excitement missed him. For this venial offence, from which, too, no harm resulted to anybody, this unhappy victim of impulse has been sentenced by a bourgeois Judge, without a trace of humour, to twelve years of penal servitude.

A château in Spain may not be very valuable, but a prison in that country appears to possess quite unequalled advantages. A governor of a jail in Madrid (assisted by no less than fourteen subordinates) has been pushing philanthropy (though not, it is conjectured, without a mixture of other motives) almost beyond its limits in permitting prisoners in confinement for theft to go out o' nights on parole. They returned to their cells with honourable punctuality, but the chaplain seems to have neglected his duties, for in the meantime they pursued their professional vocations. One of them, while on leave of absence, murdered his mother, and divided her property with a servant-maid to whom he was tenderly attached. Never had criminal, apparently, so good an alibi; how could he have been guilty of even an indiscretion outside the walls of his prison cell? But, somehow or other (to use a Spanish idiom), "the gaff was blown." It is possible that one of the "fourteen officials," feeling that he was doing wrong (or that he was underpaid for it) "rounded" on the Governor, who is now himself in prison. The whole affair has a charming local colouring, and might very well form a new chapter in "Gil Blas."

Even in civilised countries, the language of courtesy in the mouth of Kings is, from a humorous point of view, exceedingly charming. They are "graciously pleased to accept" what, as a matter of fact, they are uncommonly glad to get, such as a present or a subsidy, and "deign" to do things which to the vulgar eye seem rather to involve an obligation than to leave it on the other side. But in the East this Imperial (and imperious) style is much more worthy of admiration. When a Monarch flies in the face of Nature, so far as to bestow something on his people instead of exacting it for himself, words absolutely fail him to express his sense of his own magnanimity. The last proclamation of the Shah of Persia, whatever may be its faults, has certainly no mock modesty about it. After stating that the Creator has "made his [the Shah's] holy person the source of justice and benevolence," he has decreed "in sign of the watchfulness, tempered with justice, of his Sovereign mind," that in future "all his subjects may exercise the right of proprietorship over their own belongings." The style of this announcement is unapproachable; but the principle of it reminds one of the cry of the fruit-sellers of Constantinople—"In the name of the Prophet, figs!"

Whatever is right, and I suppose even teeth are no exception; but there are certainly occasions when one is tempted to envy the gentleman described in the ancient Classics who was born with "two semicircles of ivory above the jawbone, without any separation or division in them whatsoever." Whatever ached in that connection it was not his teeth; he knew nothing of the things that have been justly described as "a trouble in coming, a trouble when they have come, and a trouble in going." It has even been reckoned among the few advantages of extreme old age, that we have then done with our teeth and go to the rhinoceros (or whatever it is) for a fresh supply of quiet ivories warranted not to "jump" or "plunge," and to last for our little "ever." But now it seems even this poor blessing is fraught with danger. Within a very few weeks there have been two cases, and there was last week a third, of a gentleman's false teeth being very literally the death of him, through his swallowing them while asleep, and probably, in the "ivory gate" of dreams. There seems to be something almost demoniacal in the trouble these things give us. There is a Rabbinical legend that our first parents, before the Fall, were made of a smooth hard transparent substance, and that flesh and blood was substituted for it, for their sin, except in the places where we still see it—*videlicet*, the finger nails. Filbert nails, vulgarly supposed to be a mark of good breeding, are thus in reality a proof of a more than usually spiritual nature. For my part, however, I don't believe a word of it.

The novelists have been having (for *them*, poor souls!) quite a good time lately. It has been discovered by the playwrights who steal their plots that the theft is not very successful, since they have been forbidden to steal their dialogue. Though, it is true, only by an indirect action of the law, writers of fiction are placed on the same footing as the modern Persians, who, as we have just read, have actually been allowed the privilege of possessing their own property. They have also been patted on the back by a Bishop. This is rare indeed, for hitherto they have received at the hands of the Church, like the monkeys that are attached to hurdy-gurdies, "more kicks than halfpence." As a rule, there is nothing ecclesiastics resent so much as the discourses of the lay preacher; and the novelists, though they speak to the million, and, moreover, to an audience who can scarcely be got to listen to anybody else, have been hitherto held lower than the "uncovenanted" divines of the street corner. The Bishop of Ripon has taken a juster view of their position and influence, and held out the olive branch, instead of the birch, to

his literary brother. If his Lordship had only mentioned names, what an advertisement it would have been for somebody! The dream of the popular novelist (though he never breathes it to anybody, because he wishes people to think he has no more realms to conquer) is to tap a new public.

"ROTTEN YESTERDAYS."

Writing to one of his daughters, Emerson said:—"Finish every day and be done with it. For manners and wise living it is a vice to remember. This day for all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the 'rotten yesterdays.'" There is much wisdom in this advice. A girl dreaming idly of the past when the day's work calls for action is not in a healthy state of mind; her regrets are often morbid, and to indulge in them is enervating. Young people, it is well known, are more prone to melancholy than men and women who have been long engaged in practical affairs. They are more intensely conscious of existence than their parents, and far more susceptible to emotion. They are apt to brood over the little span of their past lives, and to see even in slight errors a cause for despondency. The habit is insidious in the leisurely days of youth, and though less common later on in life, it is, unfortunately, by no means rare in these care-breeding days. Don't we all know people who fret themselves over spilt milk and small worries—who dwell on every trifling mistake they make and wonder why they did not act differently? Why did I do this?—Why didn't I do that?—How could I have acted so like a fool?—these are the questions some people ask themselves again and again, and ask in vain. Life has burdens enough to bear without adding to their weight by mourning over the blunders of the past. It would be scarcely less reasonable to fret over the blunders of our ancestors. Regrets at small follies are altogether idle, and it may be truly said, in the words of Emerson, that it is a vice to remember them. And his advice to his daughter may be given also to people who, from slight fault of their own, have to some extent missed their way in life. The fact that a man failed to gain some desirable object ten years ago, even if that object were a wife or a seat in Parliament, is hardly a sufficient reason for making himself miserable to-day; if a girl was a little wayward with her lover, and lost him in consequence, it is a pity; but why spoil her young life by brooding over the fault? In such cases all energy and hopefulness are destroyed by going back to the rotten yesterdays. Everybody loses some chance; everybody, from Prime Ministers downward, makes blunders. The world, according to Carlyle, consists chiefly of fools. It may be hoped that this was one of the wild utterances in which he indulged so freely; but no doubt the wisest man is liable to act foolishly; and to allow the mistakes of the past to distress and hamper us to-day is the greatest folly of all.

Let us be grateful, then, for Emerson's sane and wholesome counsel, for it is of large application and of practical service. At the same time it is obvious that another view may be taken of our yesterdays, and that it cannot be just in all cases to say it is a vice to remember what we are often unable to forget. "It is impossible," a moralist may exclaim, "to get rid of our faults and follies in the easy fashion suggested by Emerson. The thoughts and aims of days long past are the forces that mould our present lives; how then is it possible to forget them? The ghosts of old sorrows and of aspirations unfulfilled cannot be wholly laid. The road we have travelled is not obliterated by time. We cannot help seeing much of the track still; and if a part of it lay beside green pastures and still waters, through woods gladdened by the song of birds, and over hills bright with sunshine and fragrant with heather, another and, perhaps, a longer part of the journey was through deserts and quagmires and across jagged rocks, over which we stumbled with bleeding feet."

The moralist is right. We cannot, if we would, forget our yesterdays, and we might almost say that every word spoken is an echo from the past. If our days have been spent unwisely they leave a scar behind, and vainly will the wrongdoer strive to escape from the pains of memory—from the sorrow of lost yesterdays. It is a sorrow, however, that has its uses. The recollection of falls and failures makes a man sympathetic and generous, and it is often through the direct error that he reaches a higher life.

There are people sometimes to be met with so joyously happy, so brilliant, and so prosperous, that poor mortals who live in the valley and cannot reach such heights are apt to feel they have little in common with them. Such people are, to quote Wordsworth's felicitous phrase, "men of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." Looking back they recall nothing but successes, and looking forward anticipate only fresh triumphs. Often, indeed, the appearance of supreme good fortune is an illusion, and men in the full sunshine of fame and wealth shiver at the memory of the past. "I have ever been esteemed," said Goethe, "one of Fortune's chiefest favourites, nor can I complain of the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care. In my seventy-fifth year, I may say that I have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure." You see that when the great poet spoke in this melancholy strain he was thinking, and could not help thinking of his "rotten yesterdays."

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us

was a wish of Burns' which few men would like fully to satisfy. To some extent, and, perhaps, quite sufficiently, we have this power, since, by the help of our yesterdays, we do occasionally see, with a vividness as dazzling and terrible as forked lightning in the tropics, what we now are. Was it a vision like this that made Macbeth exclaim, in the supreme moment of his fate—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

And now, to descend from tragedy to common life, it is time to draw our little moral from Emerson's text. It has, at least, the merit of brevity. By all means let us remember our yesterdays, if the recollection gives us strength, sympathy, and wisdom for daily action; but in the name of all that makes life worth living, let us take the American philosopher's advice, and account them "rotten" if they awaken only vain regrets which lead to no more result than the activity of a squirrel in a cage.

J. D.

The process of levelling and preparing the piece of waste ground situate at the western side of the Royal Courts of Justice, which it is intended to convert into an ornamental garden, has been begun, and it is anticipated that the work will be completed in about five or six weeks' time. The funds necessary for carrying out the alterations are being found by a gentleman who is desirous that his name shall not be made public.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The sudden and startling termination of Admiral Baird's and Admiral Rowley's endeavours, with the two divisions of the "A Squadron," at the entrance to Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly, respectively, to blockade the "B Squadron," commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, in Bantry Bay, and Admiral Fitzroy, on the north coast of Ireland, was related last week. The "B Squadron," representing a naval enemy in the Irish harbours, eluded the blockade in both instances simultaneously on the night of Saturday, Aug. 4, and ships of the northern division passed all round the coasts of Scotland, making feigned attacks on Oban, Greenock, Aberdeen, and the Firth of Forth, on the Sunday and Monday. After proving that the shores of North Britain lay at Admiral Fitzroy's mercy, while Admiral Tryon captured the Achilles, the Inconstant, and another vessel of the "A Squadron," and bombarded the North Fort of the Mersey, and the port of Holyhead, the hostile fleet reassembled in Lough Swilly on Sunday, Aug. 12. The Etruria, one of the finest Cunard steam-ships, was also captured near Queenstown, on her way to Liverpool. In the meantime, Admiral Baird retired from the coast of Ireland, returned up the British Channel, was rejoined by Admiral Rowley in the Downs, and formed our defence on Saturday, Aug. 11, at the approach to the Thames.

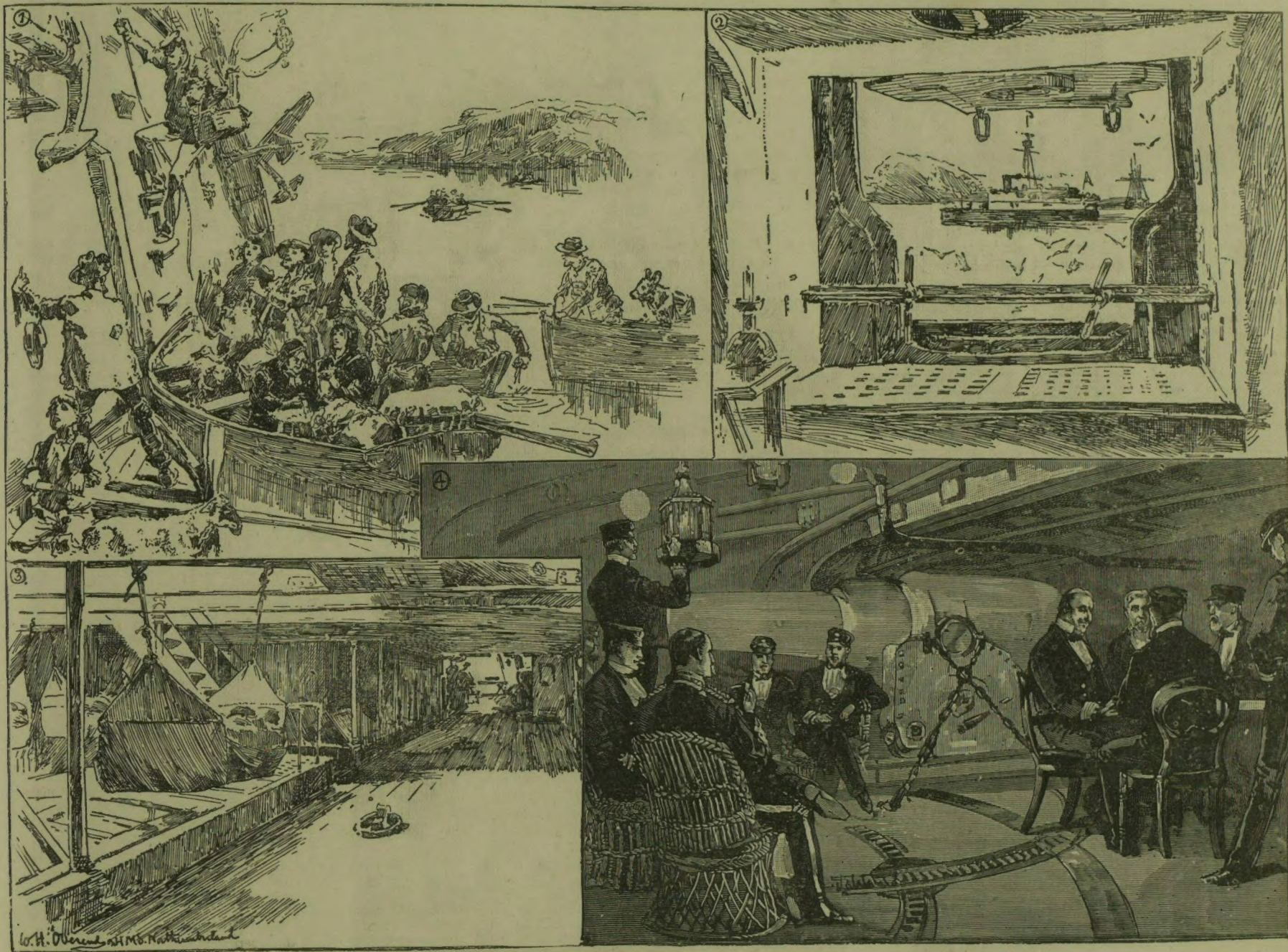
Our two Special Artists, Mr. W. H. Overend with the "A Squadron," on board H.M.S. Northumberland, Admiral Baird's flag-ship, and Mr. J. R. Wells, on board H.M.S. Hercules, of the "B Squadron," the flag-ship of Admiral Tryon, had sufficient

employment on the south-west coast of Ireland while the latter squadron was lying at Berehaven, its fortified anchorage in Bantry Bay. The sketches of the former, in addition to those already published, include a scene in Dunmanus Bay, where the Northumberland lay to take in fresh provisions from the "bum-boats" of the Irish people alongshore; a view looking out through a port-hole, with H.M.S. Conqueror going forward to bear a flag of truce for a parley with the enemy; a party of gentlemen, after dinner on board, enjoying an hour of repose with cigars and a rubber of whist; and the place on the half-deck where cots were slung for the sleeping accommodation of such guests as the newspaper correspondents and artists of illustrated journals. Another sketch is that of a reconnaissance in force, executed by the Northumberland, Benbow, Northampton, Hotspur, Archer, and Rattlesnake, in front of the enemy's secure position at Berehaven. The squadron of Admiral Tryon lay in the narrow strait behind Bear Island, under the north shore of Bantry Bay; there were booms and submarine mines closing both the western and the eastern entrance to this strait, and the gently-rising ground of the island protected the squadron from direct fire, as is shown in our illustration. The Rattlesnake was sent to the eastern entrance, near the boom at that end of the strait, in order to look in behind the island, and to spy the enemy's position, and make signals to Admiral Baird's flag-ship. The enemy's ships, of course, opened fire on the Rattlesnake, and the smoke of their guns is seen rising above the island. The lighthouse of Roan Carrig, marking the channel to enter the strait, is just opposite the position of

H.M.S. Archer. Another illustration represents the attack by boats' crews on the coast-guard station of Crookhaven, which was mentioned in a preceding account. Our Special Artist with the "B Squadron" contributes a view of the boom which formed part of the fortifications of its harbour at Berehaven, and an illustration of H.M.S. Rupert there defending the eastern entrance, supported by the Hercules, Warspite, and Hero, which could not be dislodged from their position by any direct attack. Another sketch is that of Admiral Tryon's flag-ship, H.M.S. Hercules, forcing the blockade at night.

The more successful active performances of the supposed enemy in the Irish Sea, after breaking the blockade, now seem to be of greater interest. Sir George Tryon, with the Hercules and four other ironclads, on Thursday, Aug. 9, having passed round the north of Ireland, easily captured the feeble and obsolete "North Fort" on the Lancashire side of the entrance to the Mersey—we lately gave an illustration of that fort, which is utterly useless—went up the harbour, threatened to bombard Liverpool and Birkenhead, and to destroy all the shipping in the docks and the river, but graciously accepted a ransom of one million sterling, with a merry pledge that the Mayor of Liverpool should dine on board the Admiral's ship, whenever invited, on all future occasions. If he had been a real foreign foe in the Mersey, he would have had, owing to the tide on the bar, several hours to spare for the execution of his dreadful threat.

Our Artist furnishes an illustration of H.M.S. Invincible and H.M.S. Hercules engaging the North Fort of the Mersey.



1. Bum-boats with provisions alongside the ship in Dunmanus Bay.
2. View out of a port-hole: H.M.S. Conqueror going in with flag of truce.

3. Where the Special Correspondents sleep.
4. A Smoke and a Rubber after Dinner.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: SKETCHES ON BOARD H.M.S. NORTHUMBERLAND, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. H. OVEREND.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Oh, what a relief! Parliament is up. The Prime Minister's Mansion-House speech gave general satisfaction by showing we are on cordial terms with all the Great Powers. Soon, for the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. William Henry Smith, all recollections of wordy Westminster will be banished by luxurious lounging at Royat-les-Bains and Aix-les-Bains. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped Lord Salisbury's temporary retention in town will have been sweetened by contact with the Sugar Bounties' Conference.

The salient features of the Session may be briefly summed up. The anomaly in the Commons bids fair to last as long as this Parliament. Buttresses of the Government, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Sir Henry James have yet continued to sit in the gangway corner of the front Opposition bench; the trio of Liberal Unionist leaders having often, however, found it most difficult to maintain their places; so squeezed have they been by the preponderant number of Gladstonian Home Rulers on the same bench. Physical discomfort has been borne by Lord Hartington and his colleagues with philosophic smiles; and has not caused them to diminish by one atom the thoroughness of their support to Ministers opposite them.

With respect to personal reputations in the Commons, there has been little to note. When Lord Randolph Churchill has desisted from his favourite pastime of curling the ends of his moustache, and has risen from his corner seat behind the Treasury bench, it has been generally to cast his shield before his late colleagues; but the noble Lord once showed Ministers he could, and would on occasion, smite them hip and thigh on account of their changes of front on the Irish question. I should not be surprised to see Lord

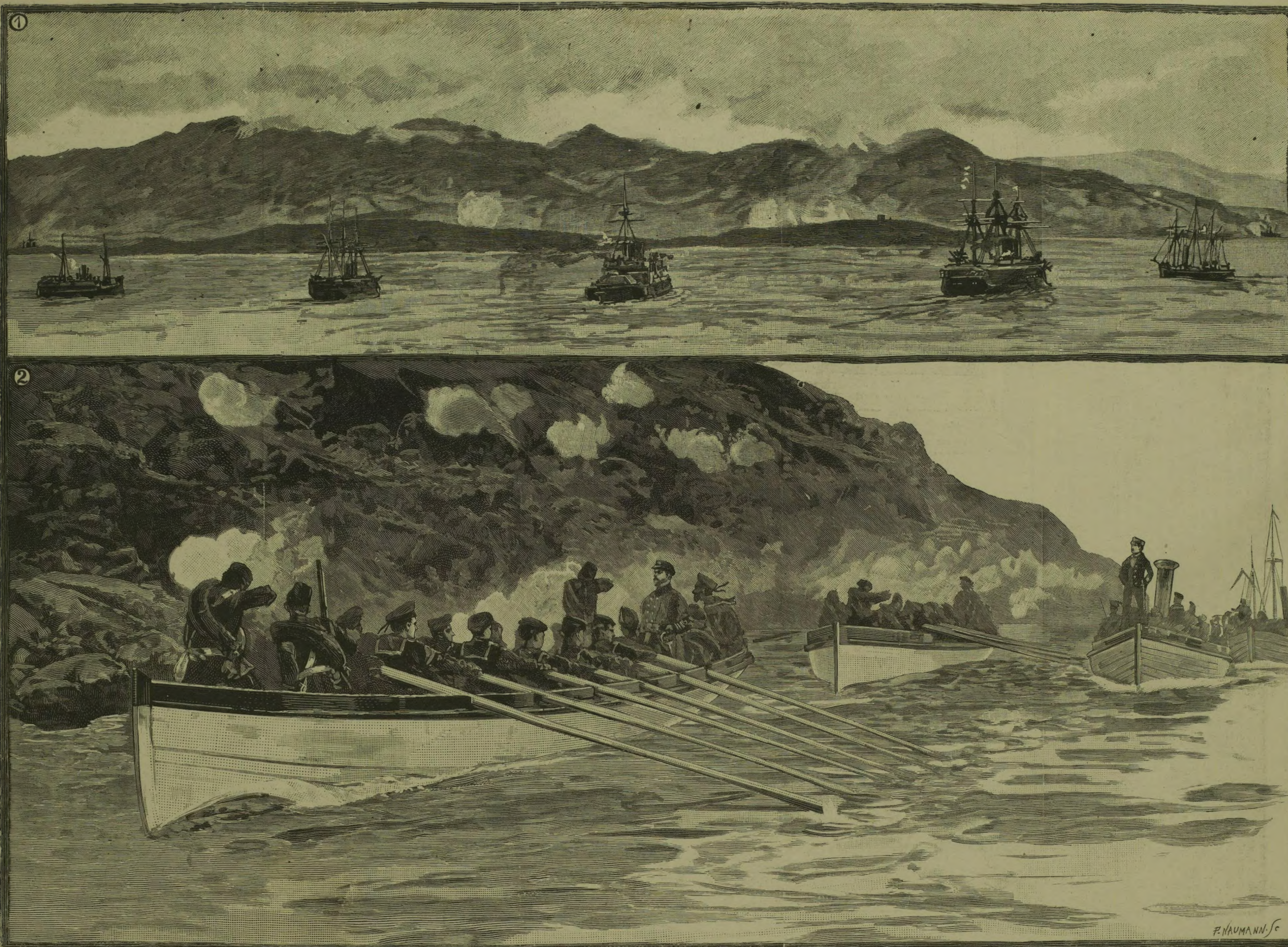
Randolph Churchill back in office ere long. He is too powerful a debater to be left long out in the cold; and he has a readiness and sense of humour that are invaluable in the House. Mr. Arthur Balfour has developed into a very smart debater; and has with sublime serenity met the vitriolic manner in which the Parnellite members; but with regard to the right hon. gentleman's administration of Irish affairs, in view of a recent inquest it may be suggested that he should mitigate the severity with which the Crimes Act is being enforced in Ireland on Nationalist members. The Right Hon. Charles T. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, has richly merited the warm praise Lord Salisbury bestowed upon him at the Mansion House. Mr. Ritchie has greatly improved his Parliamentary position by the masterly and statesmanlike manner in which he introduced that complicated measure, the County Councils Bill for England and Wales, and by the patient and considerate way in which he carried it through Committee, dropping those clauses which were not generally acceptable, but preserving the essential backbone, and adding to the statute-book an Act which will be of immeasurable advantage to the country and to Imperial Parliament. Whilst the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Herschell, and the Earl of Dunraven have distinguished themselves in the Lords; the Prime Minister may be congratulated upon the conspicuous ability displayed by his junior colleagues, the Earl of Onslow and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who deserved the gracious compliments of Earl Granville for his tact in conducting the Local Government Bill through the Upper House.

The Tenth of August was memorable for the important debate in the House of Lords on the Parnell Commission Bill. This momentous measure for entrusting to three of her Majesty's Judges a State inquiry into the grave charges brought in the *Times* newspaper against the Irish Home Rule leader and his chief colleagues was recommended in a careful

speech by the Marquis of Salisbury. The Premier was answered by Lord Herschell in a speech of remarkable cogency and force—one of the most eloquent and impressive the House has heard for some time. The noble and learned Lord, with all his acumen and lucidity of expression, repeated the objections Mr. Parnell had raised against the mode in which the Bill had been manipulated by the Government. Of course, the Bill passed. But the surprises in connection with the subject did not end there. On Saturday, the Eleventh of August, Mr. Parnell instituted proceedings against certain newsmen in Edinburgh for circulating the alleged *Times* libels against him. Damages are laid at £50,000, it is said. Moreover, actions for libels against the *Times* have also been commenced by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P. Public opinion rules that it is time these terrible accusations of connivance at murder were made good or disproved.

The scandal of bringing forward the Indian Budget so late in the Session as the Ninth of August was reasonably censured by Mr. Bradlaugh, who is securing quite a good position in the House now the prejudice against him is wearing off. It is to be hoped Sir John Gorst will make his financial statement early another year. The Under-Secretary for India had to admit a deficit in the past, and was not hopeful as to the future of Indian finances. But it is manifestly unsatisfactory that the consideration of so weighty a matter should be left till August, when the minds of hon. members are fuller of grouse than of rupees.

The happy day of release for the Speaker and Mr. Courtney, and the faithful members who clung to duty to the last, came on Monday, the Thirteenth of August. There was a parting flicker of loquacity. Then Mr. Peel shook hands with the hon. members who filed past him, and departed with glad alacrity. Lords and Commons have not to meet again till Tuesday, the Sixth of November, for the Autumn Session.



1. A Reconnaissance in Force at Berehaven, Bantry Bay.

2. Boat-Attack on Crookhaven Coast-Guard Station.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—CAPTURE OF LIVERPOOL: H.M.S. INVINCIBLE AND H.M.S. HERCULES ENGAGING THE NORTH FORT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MERSEY.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. R. WELLS, WITH THE "B SQUADRON."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen of Portugal left Paris on Aug. 11.—There were disturbances in Paris at the funeral of "General" Eudes on Aug. 8, but they were checked with a stern hand.—As General Boulanger was, on Aug. 12, driving in St. Jean d'Angely in an open carriage, five shots, it is said, were fired at him. The person who fired is M. Perrin, a professor at the Lycée. General Boulanger escaped unhurt, but other persons in the crowd were injured.—A memorial to the brothers Anthony and William Galignani was unveiled at Corbeil on Aug. 12, in the presence of the local authorities and of a throng of people from the town and neighbourhood.

The Emperor of Germany rose at half-past four on Saturday morning, Aug. 11, and, donning a field uniform, rode from barrack to barrack until he had alarmed the whole garrison of Potsdam, whence the regiments marched as rapidly as possible to besiege Spandau. The garrison of the latter fortress sent out troops to meet them, but after a fierce fight, lasting till about eleven o'clock, the Spandau force was beaten. The Emperor, after discussing the operations with the Generals and other high officers, entertained them at luncheon in his tent, while the troops of both parties cooked and ate their dinners on the scene of the sham-fight. The operations were resumed in the afternoon. The Emperor left Potsdam early on the 12th, in order to receive the King of Portugal, who arrived at Berlin soon after half-past seven. On the two Sovereigns meeting at the railway station they cordially embraced each other and then proceeded in an open carriage, surrounded by a guard of honour and loudly cheered by the populace, to the Old Palace, at which rooms had been prepared for the Royal guest. In the afternoon the King of Portugal went to Potsdam to visit the Empress Frederick, and then to the Palace of Potsdam, where the Emperor gave in his honour a dinner of twenty-six covers. This was followed by an excursion on the Havel lakes, on board the Emperor's steamer *Alexandra*, to the Peacock Island, where at seven o'clock supper was served. There was a review of the Potsdam garrison on the 13th by the Emperor, in honour of the visit of the King of Portugal. After the review the Emperor stayed a short time with the King, and then rode back to the Marble Palace with his suite, enthusiastically cheered by the crowd. At three o'clock there was a dinner of about one hundred covers, in honour of the King, at which all the Royal Princes now in Berlin or Potsdam and many Generals were present. On the 14th the Emperor and the King dined with Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern.—Field-Marshal Count Von Moltke has, by his desire, been relieved of his post as Chief of the Staff of the German Army, and has been appointed President of the National Defence Commission—a post occupied by the late Emperor Frederick while Crown Prince—Count Von Waldersee has been appointed Chief of the Staff.

The maritime fête at Antwerp on Aug. 14 equalled in splendour the Venetian celebrations of olden times. There was a general illumination, with fireworks, while cannon boomed from the fort, and the chimes of the cathedral sounded incessantly. The river was covered with illuminated vessels, and an allegorical procession took place comprising twenty-one groups of ships. The most noteworthy were the craft representing the commerce of Antwerp, Chinese and Egyptian vessels, and a floating-house of Borneo.

The celebration of the Austrian Emperor's birthday commenced on Aug. 14 with a great popular fête on the Kahlenberg, in the environs of Vienna. It was inaugurated by the firing of fifty artillery salutes; after which, there was open-air dancing, to the accompaniment of military bands from Vienna. In the evening, the Kahlenberg was brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and there was a display of fireworks.

Sir Francis Montefiore was married on Aug. 14, at Baden, near Vienna, to Mdlle. Marianne Von Gutmann, daughter of the wealthiest ironmaster in Austria. The elder sister of the bride is married to the Duc de Fitzjames.

The Queen of the Hellenes was safely delivered of a son on Aug. 10 at the Russian Imperial Castle of Pawlovsk; and Princess Waldemar of Denmark was safely delivered of a son on the 13th.

The *Odessa Gazette* reports the discovery of the remains of an ancient town on the right bank of the Volga. These remains are traceable over an area about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile in width. A considerable quantity of Arabian, Persian, and Tartar coins has been found there, besides a multitude of other objects which bear witness to the cultivated state of the inhabitants.

Among the ruins of the ancient Greek town of Chersonese, near Sebastopol, some workmen came across the workshop of a Greek sculptor, in which was an oven for baking clay models, and about fifty terra-cotta figures belonging to the third century B.C.

Prince Ferdinand, his Ministers, and a number of guests celebrated by a luncheon in the railway station at Sofia on Aug. 12, the completion of a railway which enables the unbroken journey to be made between Vienna and Constantinople. Prince Ferdinand's first anniversary as Ruler of Bulgaria was, on the 14th, celebrated by a special service in the cathedral at Sofia, and by festivities which concluded with a banquet in the evening.

The funeral services over the body of General Sheridan in St. Matthew's Church, Washington, on Aug. 11, were attended by the President, the Cabinet Ministers, the members of Congress, and many officers of the Army and Navy. Cardinal Gibbons was present at the Requiem Mass. Afterwards, under a military escort, the remains were conveyed for interment to Arlington Cemetery, where the last honours were paid. The President has appointed General Schofield Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army.—Brooks, alias Maxwell, whose case has been before the public for a long time, was executed on Aug. 10 at St. Louis for the murder of Mr. Preller in 1885.—The Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart in New York, fronting the Hudson River below Riverside Park, was burnt down on Aug. 14. All the inmates escaped uninjured.

Owing to the bursting of a reservoir at Valparaiso, through heavy rains, nearly a hundred houses have been destroyed, and several hundred persons are said to have been drowned.

The Legislative Council of Cape Colony has rejected the Bill for establishing a South African Customs Union.—From Zululand an engagement is reported to have taken place between a British detachment and the rebels near Jouna, twelve of the latter being killed and sixteen wounded.

An Imperial decree has been issued announcing that the Empress Dowager of China will retire from her share of the government in March, when the Emperor will assume sole responsibility.

Grouse-shooting began on Monday, Aug. 13. The reports from the moors show that sport was, on the whole, good, the exception being certain districts in Scotland where there had been heavy rain, and where the birds were weak on the wing. On the English and Welsh moors the birds were strong. Reports concur as to the abundance of game.

THE COURT.

The Queen is at Osborne, and takes drives daily. Her Majesty held a Council at Osborne on Aug. 10 for the purpose of arranging State business before the adjournment of Parliament. The Royal dinner-party included the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Alice of Hesse, the Dowager Lady Waterpark, Prince de Poix, and Lord Rowton. The Ladies and Gentlemen-in-Waiting had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room. The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., arrived at Osborne on Aug. 11, and had an audience of the Queen. Count Robilant also arrived, and was introduced to her Majesty's presence, and presented his credentials as Ambassador from the King of Italy. The Queen's dinner-party included Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Grand Duke and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Alice of Hesse, the Italian Ambassador, the Dowager Lady Waterpark, the Marquis of Salisbury, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and Commander the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, of her Majesty's yacht *Osborne*. On Sunday morning, Aug. 12, the Queen and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne, the Dean of Windsor officiating. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, visited the Queen to take leave. The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alice of Hesse went to Hythe on Aug. 13, and thence drove into the New Forest, returning to Osborne in the evening. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon. General Viscount Wolseley had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family; and Lord and Lady Colville of Culross were honoured with invitations. Her Majesty went out on Aug. 14, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse. The Queen will leave Osborne in a few days for Glasgow.

The Prince and Princess of Wales received the Italian Ambassador on Aug. 12, on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*,



STATUE OF LIEUTENANT WAGHORN,
THE PROJECTOR OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

on his appointment to the Court of St. James. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on the 13th from Cowes. The King of the Belgians visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on his way to Scotland. On Aug. 14 the Prince presented a gold watch and chain to Chief Inspector Charles Walker, who is retiring from the police after fifty-one years' service. He has been engaged at Marlborough House since the Prince's marriage, and was for fifteen years previously stationed at Buckingham Palace. The Princess added her congratulations and good wishes, and both cordially shook hands with the retiring officer. Prince Adolphus of Teck visited the Prince and Princess to take leave of them previous to his departure for India, where he joins his regiment, the 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left for Germany. The Princess has sent the following letter to the children of the Victoria Hospital at Chelsea, who contributed to a Silver Wedding present:—"My dear Little Children,—I am most deeply touched by your kind thought of giving me such a beautiful Silver Wedding present, which I shall always keep and value more than I can express; and that God may bless you all, and soon restore you to health and happiness, is the most sincere wish and prayer of your friend, ALEXANDRA." The Princess has consented to become patroness of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, 10, Buckingham-street, Strand.—Prince Albert Victor has consented to act as president of the Great Northern Central Hospital, the new buildings of which were lately opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived at Kissingen on Aug. 11, and has taken up his residence in the Kurhaus. His Royal Highness will stay for several weeks, in order to take the waters.

The Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin left England on Aug. 11 for Germany.

Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., having served summonses in Scotland to found jurisdiction, has had the *Times* served with a writ in an action for libel, in which he claims £50,000 damages.

The paintings and other works of art selected by the prizeholders for 1888 of the Art Union of London are now on view at the new galleries, 122, Strand. There are forty-eight pictorial prizes, of which about one-half are oil paintings, the other water-colour drawings.

THE WAGHORN MONUMENT AT CHATHAM.

A handsome bronze statue of Lieutenant Waghorn, the opener up of the Overland route to India, has been erected at Chatham, the place of his birth. The statue stands about 8 ft. in height, and is stated to be an excellent likeness of the intrepid traveller, whose right hand points towards the East. Beneath the statue, on the pedestal, is the inscription: "Thomas Frederick Waghorn, Lieutenant R.N., pioneer and founder of the Overland route. Born at Chatham, 1800; died, Jan. 7, 1850." The statue was unveiled on Friday, Aug. 10, by Lord Northbrook.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. AND REV. CANON BAILLIE.

The Hon. and Rev. John Baillie, M.A., Canon Residentiary of York and Incumbent of St. James's, Cupar, died on Aug. 7. He was born on Jan. 3, 1810, the younger brother of George, tenth Earl of Haddington; was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and, taking holy orders, became Vicar of Lissington, in Lincolnshire. In 1852 he was appointed Canon of York, and was made a Residentiary in 1854, and in 1879 was appointed Incumbent of St. James's, Cupar. He married, in 1837, Cecilia Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Hawkins, and leaves two sons and four daughters.

SIR W. BURTON.

Sir William Westbrooke Burton, Knt., late Judge of the Supreme Court at Madras, died at his residence, 54, Chepstow-villas, Notting-hill, on Aug. 6. He was born in 1794, the son of the late Mr. Edmund Burton, of Daventry, and served for some years in the Royal Navy. He became a barrister of the Inner Temple in 1824, was Recorder of Daventry from 1826 to 1827, Judge of the Supreme Court at the Cape of Good Hope from 1828 to 1833, at New South Wales from 1833 to 1844, and at Madras from 1844 to 1857, and was President of the Legislative Council of New South Wales from 1858 to 1862. Sir William Burton was twice married—first, in 1827, to Margaret, daughter of Mr. Levy Smith, which lady died in 1846; and secondly, in 1849, to Maria Alphonsine, daughter of the late Mr. John Beatty West, M.P. for Dublin. He received the honour of knighthood in 1844.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thomas Woodward, J.P., of Hopton Court and Stepple Hall, Shropshire, on Aug. 4, aged fifty-two.

Mr. Stephen Burridge, of Shirle Hall, Sheffield, in London, on Aug. 10, aged sixty-five.

Lady Murray (Helen), wife of Sir Digby Murray, Bart., of Blackbarony, and daughter of Mr. Gerry Sanger, of Utica, U.S.A., at 34, Colville-road, W., on Aug. 9.

The Rev. William James Grundy, LL.D., formerly Incumbent of St. James-the-Less, Bethnal-green, at Richmond, on Aug. 6, aged seventy-six.

Mr. Samuel Theophilus Genn Downing, barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, and Deputy Warden of the Stannaries of Devon and Cornwall, at Kenegie, Cornwall, on Aug. 8, aged sixty-one.

Miss Margaret Campbell, of Dunmore, Argyllshire, on Aug. 7, aged seventy-five. She was the daughter of the late Mr. James Campbell of Dunmore, by Eliza Hope, his wife, fifth daughter of the Hon. William Baillie, Lord Polkemmet.

Major-General William Agnew, J.P. for the county of Middlesex, and one of the sitting Magistrates at the Hampstead Petty Sessions Court, on Aug. 12, from heart disease, at the age of sixty-seven years. He served in India for thirty-four years, and for the last eight or ten years of his residence there was Judicial Commissioner for Assam.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Campbell, late of H.M.'s Indian Army, sixth son of the late Mr. John Campbell, of Kilberry and Minard, Argyllshire, at Lausanne, on Aug. 4, aged sixty-nine. He served throughout the Indian Mutiny Campaign of 1857 (medal), in the Boontan Campaign of 1864-65 (medal, with clasp), and in the Afghan War of 1879-80 with the Khyber Line Force (medal).

The Rev. Edward Burney, M.A., J.P., Head Master of the Royal Naval Academy at Gosport, on Aug. 9. He was born in 1816, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, graduating B.A. in 1838 and M.A. in 1841. For some time he was Curate of Holy Trinity, Gosport, and chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge. Mr. Burney, who directed the education of Prince Louis of Battenberg, had for many years been Head Master of the Royal Naval Academy.

The Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson, Vicar of Great Staughton, Huntingdonshire, on Aug. 10, at Lee, Kent, at the age of eighty-five after an illness of sixteen years. He was a son of the Rev. H. B. Wilson, Rector of St. Mary Aldermay, London, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St. John's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow and Tutor. He graduated B.A. with second-class classical honours, and in the course of about twenty-five years became successively a select preacher, public examiner, professor of Anglo-Saxon, and Bampton Lecturer. In 1850 he was preferred by his college to the Vicarage of Great Staughton. He was the author of several papers, the most important of which was that on "The National Church" in "Essays and Reviews." For this, in 1862, he was sentenced by the Judge of the Court of Arches to be suspended one year from his benefice; but on appeal to the Privy Council the judgment was reversed. Of the original seven Essayists the Bishop of London survives at the age of sixty-six, and Professor Jowett, who is seventy-one.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain G. Cocurullo, master of the Italian ship *Ciampa Emilia*, of Castellamare, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British schooner *Wenonah*, of Swansea, which was abandoned at sea on Oct. 14, 1886.

An appeal was made to the public some time ago for aid for the purchase of the Victoria Hall as a memorial to the late Mr. Samuel Morley; and the Duke of Westminster states that the sum (£17,000) has been raised, and that the purchase will soon be effected.

The closing match of the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta was sailed on Aug. 10 for squadron prizes amounting to £150, and open to all yachts of not less than thirty tons belonging to any recognised yacht club. The May took the first prize, the Foxglove (the first to save her time among the yaws) the second, and the Cetonia the third, having beaten the Egeria.—The annual general meeting of the members of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was held at the Club-house, Ryde, on Aug. 13, the Commodore (the Marquis of Exeter) presiding. The principal events of the past year, in connection with the club, were detailed in the report of the committee. The annual house-dinner was held in the evening. Next day the regatta began with the match for her Majesty's Cup, Mr. Birchell's Neptune winning easily.—There was some good racing on Aug. 13 in connection with the Royal Albert Yacht Club for the Albert Cup, which was contested over a forty-five miles course in the Solent, and the Irex eventually won the cup, after trying unsuccessfully in six successive years.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The acceptable appearance of genuine summer weather, better late than never, has occasioned a general rush out of town. Yet some few London managers, greatly daring, still keep their theatres open. Mr. Bandmann's grotesque burlesque of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at the Opera Comique collapsed after a very few performances, avowedly by reason of the rigour of the law, but in reality, it is fair to presume, because of the superior attractiveness of the earlier version of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's grim story produced by Mr. Richard Mansfield at the Lyceum. When Mr. Lionel Brough comes to make fun of the dual representations of Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Bandmann in the parody of "Hide and Seek," by Mr. George Grossmith, a rich harvest of amusement may be looked for. In the mean time, Mr. Brough, compelled to quit Toole's in consequence of the "Pepita" rehearsals, transfers the lively farcical comedy of "The Paper Chase" to the Royalty, immediately. The sweetest comedy at present on the metropolitan stage, Mr. A. S. Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," in which Mr. Edward Terry's Dick Phenyl has become a prime favourite, was played at Terry's Theatre for the one hundred and fiftieth time on Aug. 14. Though the droll comedy Mr. Sydney Grundy skillfully adapted from the German—"The Arabian Nights"—has lost its original "Gutta Percha Girl," merry Mr. W. S. Penley is retained at the Comedy by Mr. C. H. Hawtrey, and the diverting piece causes as much mirth as ever.

Mr. Charles Wyndham appeared immensely relieved when, the marvellously successful run of "David Garrick" over at last, he enjoyed the rare experience of sitting in the stalls of his own theatre to witness a performance by his admirable Criterion company of comedians. It was the eve of Aug. 12. Yet the Criterion was crowded; and the admirers of Mr. F. C. Burnand's overflowing humour, and of this excellent dramatist's unrivalled power of creating grotesque types of character, were rewarded by a perfect performance of his exceedingly sprightly comedy of "Betsy." There can be no question that Mr. Burnand's "Betsy" is by far the most outrageously droll and genuinely comic play now being performed in London. The continual flow of high spirits, the ingenuity with which one natural misunderstanding is made to grow out of another, and the touch-and-go lightness with which the leading actors dash through their parts, combine to maintain for "Betsy" its pre-eminence as the masterpiece of its kind. Glance round the house as one facetious situation succeeds another, and admit that rows of smiling and laughing faces amply prove the triumph of the revival. After Mr. Herbert Standing and Miss Rose Saker had gaily tripped through the charming costume comedietta of "The Dowager," by Charles Mathews, "Betsy" was enacted with undimmed freshness. The unctuous and fleshy domestic politician of Mr. William Blakeley must have been an Alexander Birkett such as Mr. Burnand had in his mind's eye. A look at this genial comedian's play of feature sufficed to cause hearty laughter. The same remark applies to Mr. Alfred Maltby's Stiggins-like portrait of Mr. Samuel Dawson: the pliant, red-nosed tutor who is made by his scapegrace pupils to impart instruction to the tune of "Says Aaron to Moses," and the accidental visit of whose separated wife to Mr. Birkett's house makes confusion worse confounded, though it fills the pockets of that lucky "friend of the family," Mr. Samuel Dawson. The piquancy of Miss Lottie Venne as Betsy, the Hibernian gallantry of Mr. Herbert Standing as Captain M'Manus, the vivacity of pretty Miss Fanny Moore as Mrs. M'Manus and Miss Rose Saker as Madame Polenta, the amusing gravity of Miss Fanny Robertson as Mrs. Birkett, the youthful hilarity of Mr. George Giddens as Richard Talbot, and the perplexity of Mr. A. Boucicault as "Dolly" Birkett, with the grace and *chic* of Miss Ella Terriss and Miss Edith Penrose, all contributed to the remarkable success of this most diverting of comedies. Mr. Burnand's "Betsy" is certain of another long and prosperous run.

Whilst from across the seas comes news of Melbourne's cordial welcome to those recognised Gaiety burlesque favourites, Miss Farren and Mr. Fred Leslie, with Miss Marion Hood, Mr. George Edwardes is fortunate to find a good autumn tenant for the Gaiety in that exceptionally powerful actress, Miss Sophie Eyre. Pending the production of Miss Eyre's first daring novelty, Mr. Rider Haggard's "She," this accomplished *tragédienne* has successfully appeared as the Corsican heroine of a fresh dramatic edition of Mr. Archibald Gunter's bright novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York," adapted by Mr. J. Coleman. This version differs somewhat from Mr. Rutland Barrington's. The changes made are not for the better, however. The introduction of the Lady Charteris party into the opening duel scene hampers the first act of "Marina;" and Mr. Coleman's transformation of the English duellist and Marina's lover into twin-brothers is a decided mistake. But the dramatic elements of the novel and the play were too strong to suffer from these alterations. The intensity of Miss Sophie Eyre's acting as Marina, the native force with which she pursues the vendetta against the young English officer who slew her brother in the duel, and the softness of her clinging love for George Anstruther, with her powerful performance in the bridal-chamber scene, where the revengeful Count Dannela meets the death he had designed for the bridegroom, carried the audience away. Miss Sophie Eyre's Marina is a creation to be seen. She is well supported by Mr. Herbert Waring as Mr. Barnes, Mr. Fred Terry as George and Gerald Anstruther, Mr. E. D. Ward as Count Dannela, Mr. James East as the blithe and jovial naval officer, Charlie Phillips; and by Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Lady Charteris, Miss Edith Leslie as the tomboy Maude, Miss Lucy Buckstone as Enid Anstruther, and Mr. Julian Cross as the melodramatic Tommaso. "Marina," compressed judiciously, went better than ever a week after its production. The drama was preceded on Aug. 11 by a neatly-written, conventional domestic comedy in one act, "Polly's Venture," by Mr. Malcolm Watson. The heroine is a smart village milliner, who thaws the heart of a crusty old squire by making believe she has possession of certain papers which reflect on his integrity. By this device she unites a loving pair, the Squire's son and his gamekeeper's niece, and gains the hand and home of Reuben Gale for herself. Miss C. Elworthy made a lively Polly Prentice; Mr. J. East a manly gamekeeper; Miss Enid Leslie a winsome Chris Hazeldene. The little piece would play better without the melodramatic musical accompaniment.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

In Glasgow University on Aug. 7 the fifty-sixth annual congress of the British Medical Association commenced, 2000 medical men and surgeons attending. Professor Banks, in retiring from the presidential chair, said that the membership had increased during the year from 1100 to 2000, the income being £28,000 and the expenditure £26,000. There were forty-five branches in all parts of the empire. Professor Gairdner, the newly-elected president, referred with regret to the death of Dr. Fergus. In the course of his address, he said, their whole experience was directed towards the demonstration of the enormous evils that had accrued to humanity and to the medical art from a blind reliance upon the tradition of the ages, and often upon the traditions wrongly interpreted. The abuses of blood-letting, of a senseless and obstructive polypharmacy, and of innumerable so-called remedies, either inert or positively mischievous, which have had to be cleared out of the way before medical science and practice could even begin to be reasonably simple and intelligible, have been a lesson to all of us as to the "dead hand of medical tradition." Dr. Gairdner, in referring to medical education, strongly urged the necessity of improved instruction in physics, quoting to this purpose the opinion of Faraday, who, in 1862, observed that the most highly educated minds in this country were often entirely undisciplined in the merest elements of the knowledge of natural things.

Twelve sections met on the 8th, some of them being crowded, and others but sparsely attended. In the Public Medicine Section a resolution was passed that an amended Public Health Act for Scotland was urgently required, the provisions to apply to both urban and rural districts.

The majority of the papers read on Aug. 9 were of a purely

MRS. H. M. BUTLER.

The marriage of Dr. Henry Montagu Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, till recently Head Master of Harrow School, to Agnata Frances, third daughter of Sir James Henry Ramsay, Bart., of Bamff, Perthshire, was solemnised in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on August 9. The church was filled by the wedding party and personal friends from Cambridge and Harrow. The bridesmaids were the bride's four sisters, Miss Susan Ramsay, cousin of the bride, Miss Mary Scott Kerr, Miss Maud Butler, and Miss Stewart. Master Nigel Ramsay, the bride's brother, who acted as page, was in Highland costume. Sir James Ramsay gave his daughter away. This accomplished young lady, whose portrait we are permitted to publish, has achieved the highest academical distinction within reach of female students, having been "Senior Classic" in the Classical Tripos of the University of Cambridge last year. Her father, Sir J. H. Ramsay, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1871, was educated at Rugby and at Christ Church College, Oxford; was a student of that College, and held the office of Public Examiner in Law and Modern History at that University. One of her uncles is Professor George Gilbert Ramsay, of Glasgow University.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Debenham, of Brighton.

FIRE IN THE DE BEERS DIAMOND MINE.

South Africa, rich in mines of diamonds, gold, and copper, experienced a shocking disaster at Kimberley on July 11, when one of the shafts of the De Beers Mine was on fire, and 700 workers in it, Europeans and natives, were apparently doomed to destruction, of whom above 200 perished.

The shares of the De Beers Company (Limited) have played an important part in the late active dealings for diamond stocks in London. It is not generally understood, however, that the four known diamond mines of South Africa are within a radius equal only to the extent of one of the suburbs of London, and almost within gun-shot of each other. The celebrated Kimberley mine is situated due west from the De Beers Mine about three-quarters of a mile; while those of Dutoitspan and Bultfontein are within a short walk. These mines have produced somewhat approaching £60,000,000 worth of diamonds since the year 1870, when they were discovered. In fact, there is no positive record, as so many have been stolen; but the estimate given may be fairly accepted as within the mark.

When diamonds were first found, what was known as "dry sorting" was the primitive method of "winning"; later, the hand rotary machine was introduced. This resembled the ordinary mortar-mill, with this difference—that, instead of rollers, it had arms, with spikes pivoted from the centre, to disintegrate the soil; and the diamond, by its greater specific gravity, would be found among the carbon, the garnets, the bastard rubies, and green stones, which carry weight. At that time, in the "early days of the Fields," only surface yellow soil was sorted and washed. Afterwards, when what was thought a "bed-rock" had been struck, individual claim-holders became chary; many sold out their claims, and are now "sadder and wiser men." This "bed-rock" eventually turned out to be the matrix of the diamond, and is locally known as "blue" ground.

Open working was resorted to, in the Kimberley and De Beers Mines, until heavy reef-falls blocked the diamondiferous claims. In the intervening years, new improvements had been introduced in the machinery, and hand-power was superseded by steam-power. At first, indeed, an engine of ten-horse power was regarded as a wonder. Other measures were proposed: one was the system of underground working, after the fashion of coal-mines in Lancashire and South Wales. Anxious as the directors were, both in the Kimberley and the De Beers Mine, to get at the "blue" ground, they accepted this suggestion. But it had unforeseen consequences. Unlike coal, diamondiferous ground is treacherous, by the "soapy seams" it contains. This is an objection to the underground system, compared with the open working on the "terrace system," as now carried out by the Bultfontein Mining Company. The Central Company, therefore, the owners of the Kimberley Mine, have determined on spending nearly £13,000 per month in introducing the principle of open working; and the De Beers Mine will have to do the same. In our Illustration, overhanging ledges of stone will be seen, ready to slip away by the subsidence of the "crown" of the underground workings. When one chamber is cleared of "blue" or diamondiferous earth, the outside reef is allowed to fall in, and to fill the void space. These remarks are introductory to an account of the calamity which has befallen the De Beers Mine.

At 6.30 p.m. on July 11, the night "shift" was down the mine, and some of the day "shift" had yet to come up. By some means the woodwork of the shaft, which is seen in our Engraving, caught fire. There were no means of exit for the men, not even an ordinary air-shaft. A terrible death seemed imminent for seventy white men and above six hundred Kaffirs labouring in the mine. Of these, twenty-four white men and 160 natives actually lost their lives. The flames rapidly spread through the various workings. When the alarm was given a rush was made for the ladder ways and the "skep" (pulley car). The flames, however, mounted too rapidly to allow of an escape by the ladders and "skep." This started for the surface, but by the burning through of the wire rope was precipitated with its human freight into the blazing shaft. Many must have been crushed to death in the rush towards the shaft. The more experienced of the white men retreated in the other direction through the levels to the old workings of the Gem Company. The bulk of the natives followed the white men; and they remained until the morning, continually threatened by volumes of smoke drawn by the air-currents, and uncertain regarding the spread of the fire.

Finally, it was decided to endeavour to force a way to a higher level. The horrors of this journey through the length of the narrow ladder-ways and man-holes, choked with dead, and stifling with heat and the stench and smoke, are beyond description. The success of the attempt was mainly due to the courage and energy of Harry Paul and a few of his companions. One by one they reached the 380 ft. level, and thence



MRS. H. M. BUTLER (MISS AGNATA FRANCES RAMSAY),
BRIDE OF THE MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

technical character. In the evening there was a conversazione in Bute Hall.

The business of the sections concluded on Aug. 10, Professor M'Kendrick giving the closing address, on the subject of "Physiology." Several of the leading members of the Association received the degree of Doctor of Laws. It is admitted the Association meetings have been remarkably successful, and professional knowledge has been distinctly advanced. There was a garden-party in the Botanical Gardens in the afternoon, and a conversazione in the Exhibition at night.

Excursions around Glasgow on Aug. 11 formed a pleasant termination to an important meeting.

EARLY MORNING IN VENICE.

Miss Clara Montalba, an artist often commended for her pictures of the fair city of the Adriatic, and its waters and skies, and its barges and gondolas that seem to hover between those waters and the lucid atmosphere, with picturesque edifices on shore in the background, has in this instance rendered the effect of early morning light on such a scene with much pictorial beauty. It is in the morning and in the evening, indeed, that Venice is most beautiful, at airy distance—

Rising with her tiera of proud towers,
A ruler of the waters and their powers;
She was a fairy city of the heart,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy;
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen, with an unequalled dower.

The Very Rev. the Dean of St. Asaph, formerly head-master of Rossall School, has been unanimously elected Principal of Cheltenham College, in the room of Dr. Kynaston, resigned.

The Portraits of the Bishop of Oxford, the Right Rev. Dr. Stubbs, and of the late Dean of Chichester, the Very Rev. J. W. Burgon, are from photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of 17, Baker-street.



EARLY MORNING—VENICE.

FROM A DRAWING BY MISS CLARA MONTALBA.

made their way to the narrow crack, which is the only outlet from this part of the mine to the surface.

The discovery of this outlet—no thanks to the management—was made by a Kaffir. The whites and blacks wandered for hours hopelessly around the workings, from level to level, between the 700 ft. level and the 385 ft. level; but this native, like a cat, could see his way in the dark. By a subsidence of the “crown” of the mine, an old “sling gear” had fortunately left an opening; and the Kaffir boy, there getting a breath of fresh air, recovered from the stupor occasioned by the smoke which came from the blazing timbers of the shaft. He looked up and saw a star; he told his “brothers”; they watched till early morning, when the daylight showed them a way of escape.

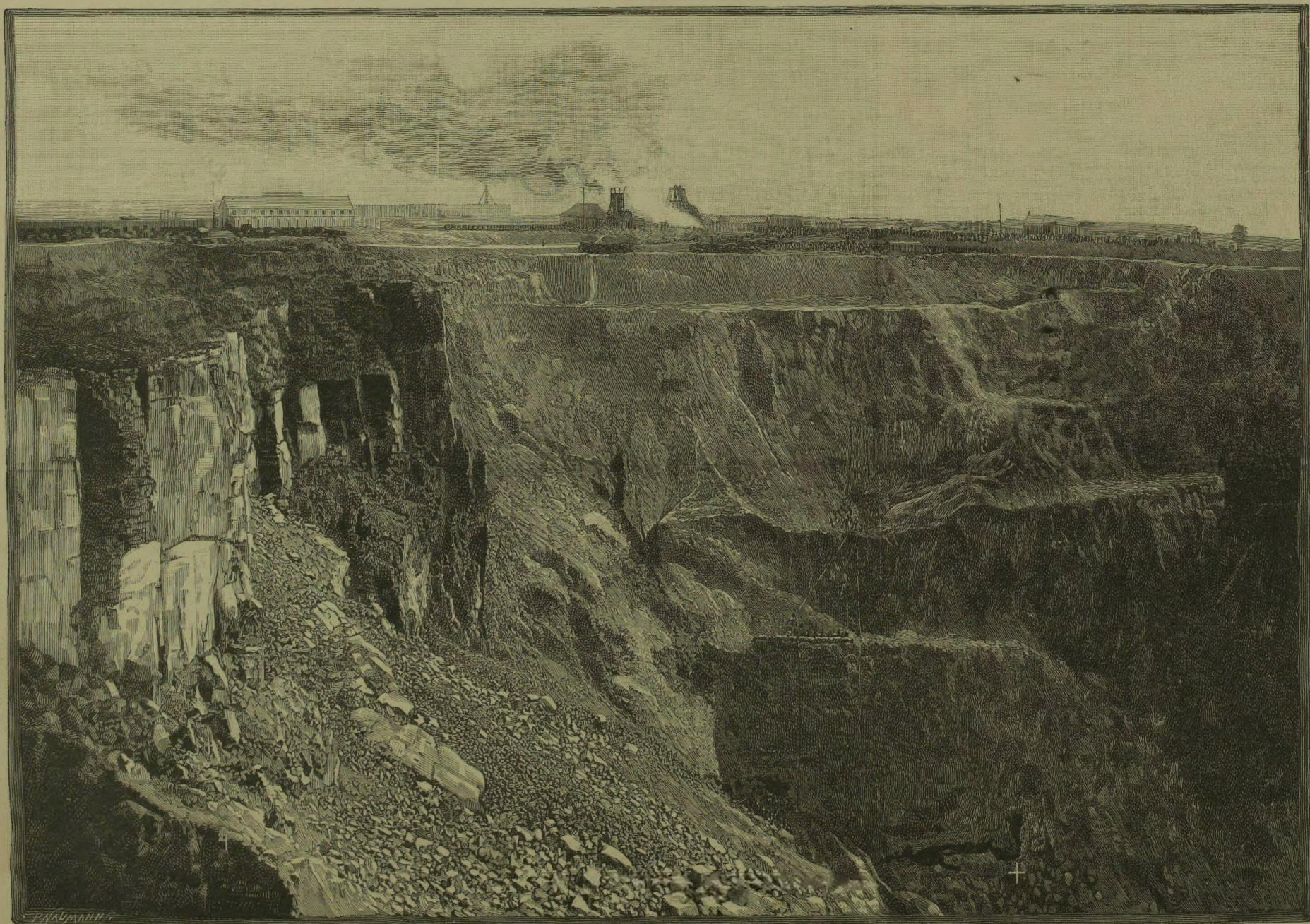
This gave a further lease of life to over forty white men and more than four hundred Kaffirs.

Among those unhappily lost was Mr. Clarence Stewart Lindsay, of Sunderland, a young engineer of great ability and merit, who had arrived at Kimberley a month before the disaster to take on the underground management. He bravely went down the No. 1 shaft to find out the extent of the fire, on its first becoming known; the wire-rope, hauling the ascending skip, then broke, and it is thought that he was hurled to the 700 ft. level. The portrait and memoir of Mr. Lindsay appeared in our last.

Rescue parties were energetically worked to attempt to save the others still below, under the direction of Mr. Gardner

Williams, general manager. Mr. Armstrong, contractor, lost his life by returning to warn his men at the first outbreak. On July 13 the rescue parties were stopped by the inspector of the mines, to prevent useless sacrifice of life.

Much sympathy is shown in Kimberley, at Capetown, and generally in South Africa, for the widows and orphans, parents, and other relatives of those of our countrymen who have lost their lives in “winning” the gems which are so fashionable an ornament. The circumstances and cause of this disaster will occupy the Commission of Inquiry which is to be held by order of the Cape Colonial Government. Our Engraving is from one of the photographs supplied by Mr. B. Harvey, manager of the Kimberley Photographic Studio.

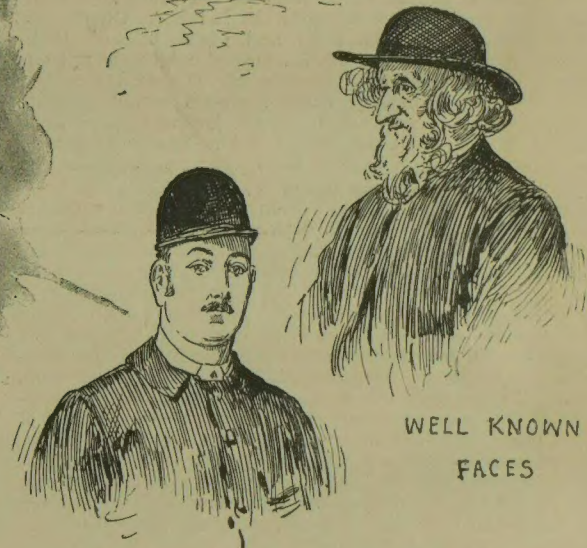


The mark + indicates the place of escape for the men during the disastrous fire of July 11.

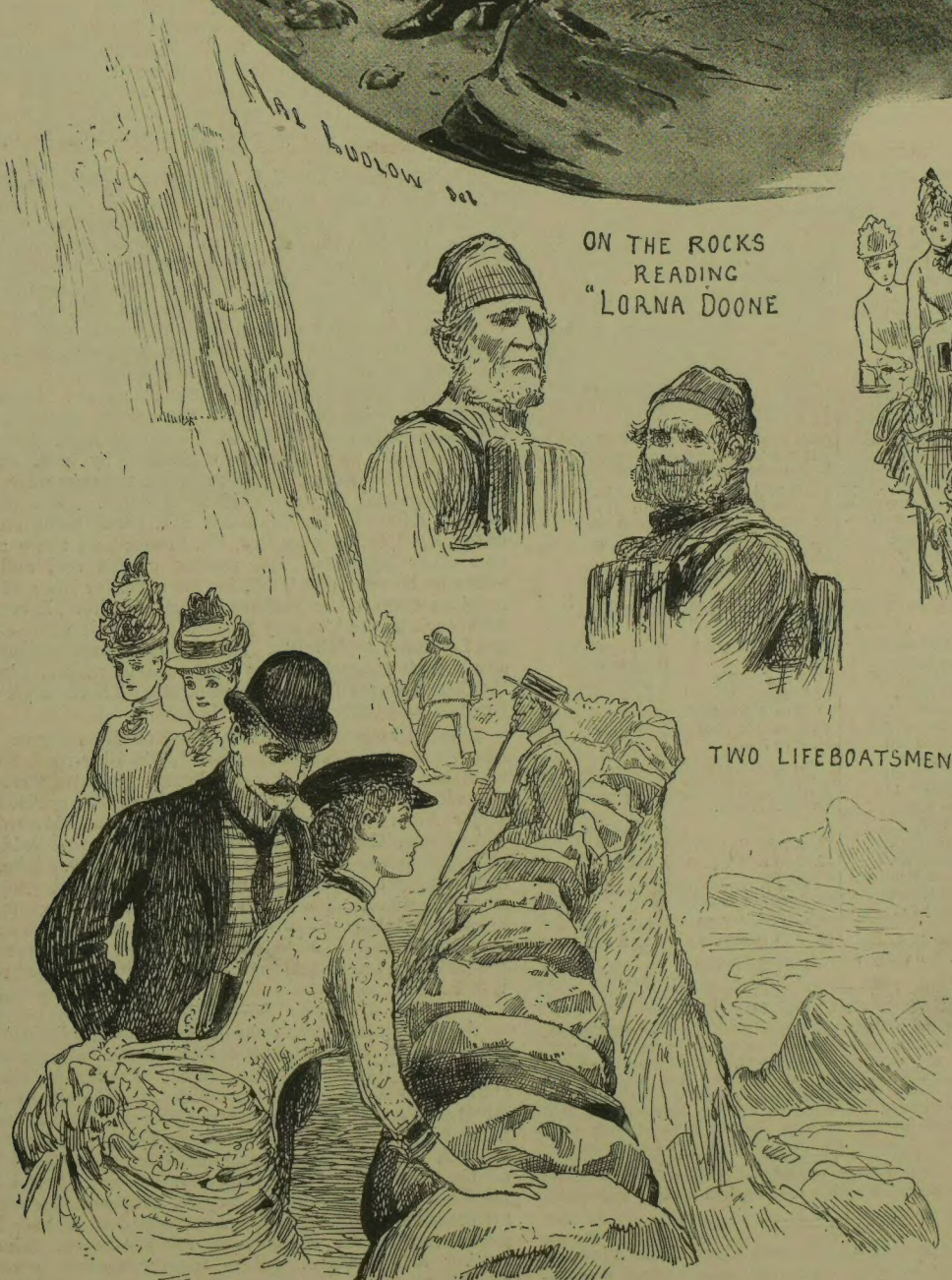
THE DE BEERS DIAMOND MINE, SOUTH AFRICA: OPEN MINE AT 350 FT. LEVEL, WHERE UNDERGROUND WORKINGS COMMENCE.



A RIDE ON
THE DONKEYS.



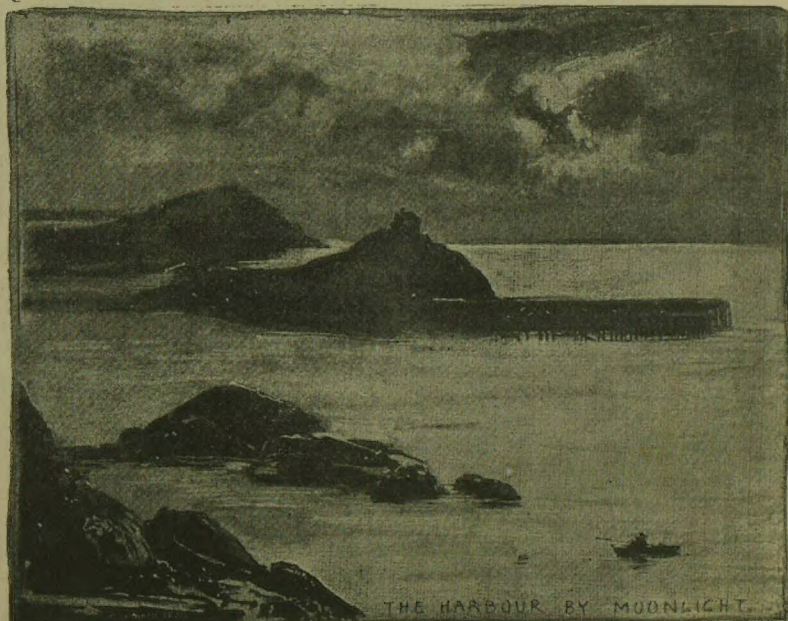
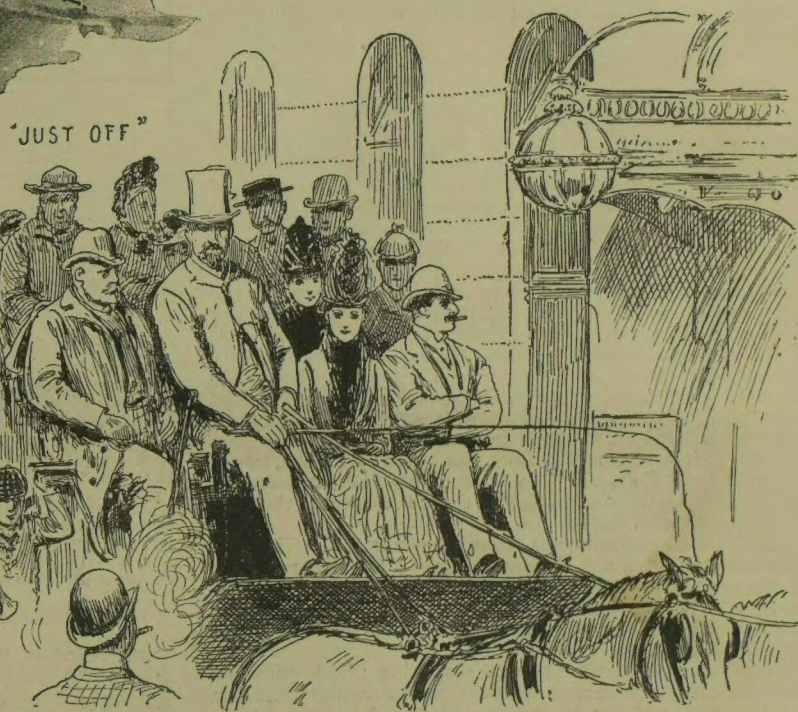
WELL KNOWN
FACES



ON THE ROCKS
READING
"LORNA DOONE"

TWO LIFEBOATSMEN

A FAVOURITE WALK.



THE HARBOUR BY MOONLIGHT.

ILFRACOMBE.

The rocky coast of North Devon, overlooking the Bristol Channel and facing South Wales, the land of which, at a distance varying from ten to twenty miles, is clearly seen from many points on the Devon shore, has its peculiar attractions. There is very little sand or beach; one sits and strolls on heights above the waves, for the most part, though, by a steep and rugged descent, one may reach sequestered coves, and low shelves of smooth hard rock, permitting sport with the lively billows. The most charming feature of the country, seaward, is presented by the grassy "coombes," the hollows of meadow and woodland rapidly declining and opening to the sea, terminating either in a small cliff, or in a deep ravine, cut by some babbling stream, which eagerly fights its way through masses of stone to join the blue waters of the Channel. Ilfracombe, near the western extremity of the great range of hills that extends by Lynton, Minehead, and the Quantocks, along half the length of Somersetshire, rising behind those places to the romantic wilderness of Exmoor, is a good place to start from on a summer excursion through this interesting region. The town, indeed, does not look over the open sea, rather turning its back and sheltering itself on the inner slopes of the hills, beneath which, however, lies a pretty little harbour, with a fine promenade pier, and with access to the Capstone, a huge peninsular rock, or promontory, having a terrace road all round it, where the marine views and breezes are freely enjoyed. This is the favourite walk, and, with a fresh westerly or north-westerly wind, it is worth while to watch the sea battling the rocks directly below your standing-place. From the summit of the Capstone, especially at sunset on a fine evening, the prospect of sea, land, and sky, glowing in the ruddy splendours of that hour, is gorgeously beautiful. The height being about 200 ft., very extensive views are here obtained both up and down the Bristol Channel. Another eminence, called the Lantern Hill, of a picturesque conical shape, with an old turret lighthouse on its top, guards the entrance to the harbour. On the east side of the Bay rise the cliffs and great hill of Hillsborough, to the height of 440 ft., beyond which the uplands continue to Exmoor; and readers of "Lorna Doone," if they care to look for her haunts, should resolve not to be deterred by long and toilsome journeys over some miles of rather steep moorland. An Exmoor pony to ride—those clever animals know better than any horseman the way to get up hill easily by zigzag tracks across the path—is always to be recommended in preference to any sort of carriage. The party setting forth on a drag will find it necessary to spare their team by often getting down and walking, unless they mean only to drive to Barnstaple, or along the Combe Martin and Lynmouth road. Bathing at Ilfracombe is usually done in secure coves—one reserved for ladies, and one for gentlemen—to which there is a passage by a tunnel cut through a cliff; but there is also, in the grounds of the Ilfracombe Hotel, a large swimming-bath, constantly filled from the sea. In venturing out to sea from Ilfracombe and elsewhere on this coast, strangers ought to attend to the advice of the old boatmen, and to do nothing rash on their own account. What with strong currents, which are liable to sudden changes, with unexpected puffs of wind, that capsize a sailing-boat or a small yacht in half a minute, and with countless reefs of sharp rock, like fierce jaws full of teeth, ready to crunch a hapless vessel that is caught between them, or to imperil the life of a good swimmer, in the eddies and deep sucking-holes, this North Devon Sea is a dangerous playmate.

MUSIC.

COVENT-GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

On Aug. 11 (as already briefly intimated), Covent-Garden Theatre was re-opened for the usual series of Promenade Concerts, commencing three weeks after the termination of Mr. Augustus Harris's memorable season of the Royal Italian opera. Mr. W. Freeman Thomas's seventh annual series of these concerts bids fair to be one of the most successful of any. We have already drawn attention to the liberality of the arrangements made by the lessee, and have now to notice the opening performances. The programme on the first night was of very ample dimensions and infinite variety. The excellence of the orchestra, headed by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, was specially manifested in Rossini's overture to "Semiramide," ballet-music by Ambroise Thomas, a movement from Mr. Cowen's graceful series entitled "The Language of the Flowers," Gounod's "Saltarello," and other pieces too numerous for specification. In the march from Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," in a selection from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and in other instances, the full effects were enhanced by the association of the band of the Coldstream Guards.

The orchestra comprises some of our most skilful solo instrumentalists. Mr. J. T. Carrodus gave a brilliant rendering of Ernst's "Othello" Fantasia (accompanied by Mr. Carrodus, jun.), and the programme included a flute solo by Mr. J. Radcliffe, other eminent soloists having been announced for subsequent evenings.

The vocal performances on the opening night were also very successful. Mesdames C. Samuel and Antoinette Sterling, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. B. Foote, contributed popular pieces, which were all enthusiastically applauded and mostly encored.

A special feature was Mr. Gwyllym Crowe's new vocal waltz, "The Rose Queen," in which Mr. Stedman's well-trained juvenile chorists were associated with the orchestra, the solo portions (for the Rose Queen) having been well sung by Miss A. Gruhn. The several movements of this piece are replete with genial melody, which bids fair to secure for it a popularity at least equal to that gained by its several predecessors of the same kind from the same hand.

The arrangements in the theatre give greater space for the promenade portion of the audience, by the removal of the orchestra nearer towards the back of the stage than heretofore, the surrounding decorations and paintings (in the Swiss style) being very tasteful and picturesque.

Mr. Gwyllym Crowe maintains his position as a careful and intelligent conductor; and Mr. F. Lewis Thomas contributes occasional valuable service as pianoforte accompanist.

A shock of earthquake was felt in Kilsyth, twelve miles from Glasgow, on the morning of Aug. 4.

The Irish Society of London, headed by Sir Whittaker Ellis, Bart., M.P., the Governor, visited their county Derry estates on Aug. 9. The society, with the Harbour Commissioners, inspected the navigation works of the river, and afterwards received several deputations, who solicited grants for various objects. The society next visited the schools in Beresford-place, where the pupils and their teachers were in readiness to receive them. At four o'clock Mr. Robert A. Taylor, the Chairman of the Town Commissioners, entertained the society, as well as the clergy, the gentry, and a number of the merchants of the town and neighbourhood, at luncheon in the Townhall. Mr. Taylor presided, having on his right Sir Whittaker Ellis and Sir Hervey Bruce, Bart.; and on his left Alderman Alexander and Mr. T. Layton, the Deputy Governor.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

B.G. LAWS.—We have gladly accepted of your contributions, and shall be pleased to receive a few more of your compositions equally clever and interesting.

E. HOLT (Hawtenstall).—We hope to be able to comply with your request at no distant date; in the meantime send a copy of "Free Press." Your problem admits of two solutions in two moves—by 1. B to B5th or 1. Kt to Kt3rd, &c.

J. DIXON.—No. 1 is tolerably good, but too easy for publication; No. 2 has a second solution by 1. R to Q5th. The diagrams just received are under examination.

J. D. HOWARD TAYLOR (Norwich).—The games are very welcome, and shall have early publicity.

SIGNOR ASPA.—The last version is a decided improvement. It shall appear forthwith.

J. AMYGDALIS (Trieste).—Your last contribution is not equal in merit to your former effort. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

W. M. PRIDEAUX.—Your problem is not forgotten. We hope to find room for it shortly.

J. BRYDEN.—Many thanks; the position you refer to in "Abbott's Collection" is duly noted.

MANCHESTER.—See notice in our last Number respecting Problem No. 2308.

L. DESANGES.—The problem shall have immediate attention.

W. L. P.—We cannot offer an opinion. We have no space at our disposal for such discussions.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2308 received from G. B. Hewitt (Middle Colaba), T. Mann (New York), O. Smith Moosomin (Canada), and E. R. Elaby; of No. 2309 from W. M. P. and W. Wright (Cairo); of No. 2310 from E. Bohnstedt, Peterhouse, E. R. Elaby, E. Holt, and W. Wright; of No. 2311 from Heyward, E. Holt, Peterhouse, T. Ryder, E. Bohnstedt, and J. Bryden; of No. 2312 from A. B. (Naples), E. Bohnstedt, H. S. B. (Shooter's-hill), S. Parry, W. S. (Sheffield), E. Holt, Peterhouse, W. P. Welch, W. H. D. (Woburn), S. Rover, and Rev. Leonard Watson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2313 received from E. Von Kornatzki, E. Holt, Shadforth, R. Worters (Canterbury), Jupiter Junior, Howard A., C. E. P., E. Phillips, E. Casella (Paris), W. Hillier, E. Lacy, Alpha, Mrs. Kelly, Julia Short, R. F. N. Banks, B. W. Peterhouse, T. G. (Ware), T. Roberts, W. R. Radcliff, G. F. F. Thomas Clow, L. Desanges, F. Anderson, T. Cole (Exeter), M. Sharp, J. Moore (Manchester), Heyward, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), G. T. Addison (York), Major Prichard, Dr. F. St. E. Loudon, R. H. Brooks, and J. Bryden.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2311.

WHITE.
1. Kt to K2nd
2. Q to K3rd (ch)
3. Kt to Kt6th. Mate.

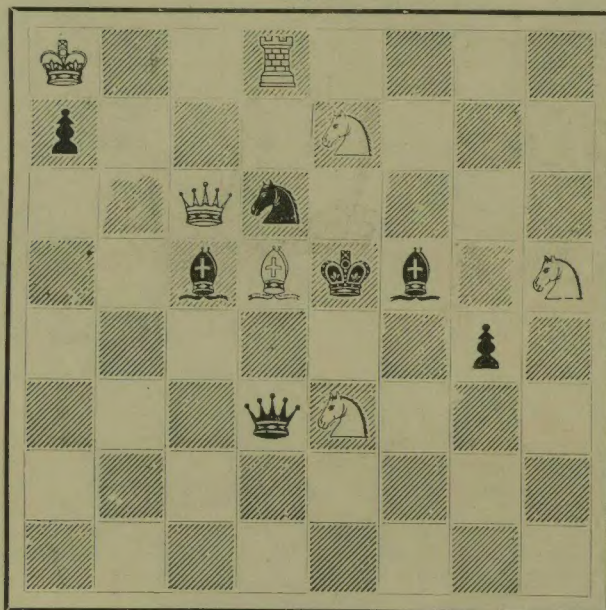
BLACK.
P takes Kt
K moves

If Black play 1. B takes Kt, then 2. Q R 4th (ch); if 1. K to B6th, then 2. Q to R5th (ch); if 1. K to Q4th, then 2. Q takes P (ch); and if 1. P to B5th, then 2. Q to Kt6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2315.

By G. C. HEYWOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

BLINDFOLD CHES.

One of ten simultaneous games played by Mr. BLACKBURNE at the Manchester Chess Club in 1863. It has not hitherto been published. (Kings' Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K4th P to K4th
2. P to K B4th P to Q4th
3. Kt to K B3rd P takes K P
4. Kt takes P Kt to Q2nd
5. P to Q4th P takes P (en pass.)
6. B takes P Kt takes Kt
7. P takes Kt B to Q4th
8. Kt to B3rd P to Q B3rd
A weak move, leaving, in Mr. Steinitz's phraseology, "a big hole" for White at Q3rd.
9. Kt to K4th Q to K2nd
10. Kt to K2nd P to K R3rd
11. B to K3rd B takes B
12. Q takes B B to K3rd
Black can do nothing offensive. If Q to Kt5th (ch), 13. P to B3rd, Q takes Kt P; 14. Castles with a winning position.
13. Castles (K R) Q to B2nd
14. Q R to Q sq Q takes P
15. B to B4th K to B sq
and wins.

Game played between Mr. WYKE BAYLISS, P.R.S.B.A., and "F. A." (Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (F. A.)
1. P to K4th P to K4th
2. Kt to K B3rd Kt to Q B3rd
3. B to B4th B to B4th
4. P to Q Kt4th Kt takes P
5. P to Q B3rd Kt to Q B3rd
6. Castles Kt to B3rd
7. P to Q4th P takes P
8. B takes P B to Kt3rd
9. B to K Kt5th P to Q3rd
10. Kt to B3rd B to K3rd
11. P to Q5th Kt to K4th
Unnecessarily losing a piece.
12. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt
13. P takes B B to Q5th
14. P takes P (ch) K to K2nd
15. Kt to Q5th (ch) K to Q3rd
16. Q to B3rd
Serving a double purpose—to support the exchanges, and then be ready to check at R3rd.
17. Kt takes Kt B takes R
18. B takes P Q to Q2nd
19. Q to R3rd (ch) P to B4th
20. R to Q sq (ch) B to Q5th
21. P to R4th
The key-move of the combination, which is very pretty. It should have set Black thinking of something more than saving his Rook.
22. R takes B (ch) K R to K B sq
23. B to K5th (ch) K takes B
There is no escape: K to B2nd or K to K2nd is equally fatal.
24. Q takes P (ch) P takes P
25. P to B3rd (ch) K to K6th
26. Q to K5th.
Mate.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

Play in the various competitions at Bradford has made considerable progress, and indications are not wanting of probable results. This is pre-eminently so in the masters' tournament, where the chances of several are hopelessly gone, especially among the new aspirants for tourney honours. The games so far have not been distinguished by brilliant strategy, a carelessness bordering on timidity being the leading feature. Messrs. Bird and Blackburne have shown a little of their usual dash in some fine endings, and Mr. Hall has clung to the Centre Counter Gambit with a fidelity worthy of a better fate. At the time of writing Messrs. Weiss, Blackburne, Gunsberg, Bardeleben, Mackenzie, and Tanbenhaus were the leaders, and amongst them the principal winners will doubtless be found.

Dramatic recitals on "British Homes" have been given at the Alexandra Palace by Miss Yates, the able honorary secretary of the Bread and Food Reform League, in aid of its funds.

A Parliamentary paper shows that in England there are 44 municipal boroughs with a population of 50,000 and upwards, 118 with populations between 50,000 and 10,000, and 121 with less than 10,000. There are 18 boroughs which are counties of cities or counties of towns, 216 which have separate commissions of the peace, 19 which appoint their own sheriffs, and 121 which have no separate police establishments.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 12, 1881), with a codicil (dated June 29, 1883), of the Rev. Charles William Giles, D.D., late of Milton Hall, near Cambridge, who died on May 12 last, was proved on July 3 by John Edward Giles, the brother, the Rev. Edward Giles, the nephew, and Samuel Knight, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000. The testator gives, in addition to other gifts to her, an annuity of £1000 to Mrs. Catherine Amy Passingham; £1000 to her husband; £2000 upon certain trusts for the benefit of each of her three daughters; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said brother, John Edward Giles.

The will (dated March 12, 1886), with a codicil (dated May 10, 1888), of Mr. John Pitt-Taylor, formerly Judge of County Courts, late of No. 58, Eccleston-square, who died on July 17, was proved on July 31 by Charles Pitt-Taylor, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £61,000. The testator leaves all his real estate and £4500 to his eldest son, Charles; £2000 to his son Arthur William and £6000, upon trust, for him; £9000 to his son Francis Henry; £3000 to his daughter Mrs. Harriet Battye; £15,000, and all his furniture and effects not specifically bequeathed, to his daughter Hester Louisa; and there are various specific bequests to children (including the despatch-boxes of his great-uncle, William Pitt, to his son Charles) and to friends, an annuity to his sister-in-law, and pecuniary legacies to his butler and cook. He appoints his son Charles and his daughter Hester Louisa residuary legatees.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1881) of Mr. Capel Carter, formerly of Woodford, Essex, but late of No. 8, Vineyards, Bath, who died on May 24 last, was proved on Aug. 4 by Frank Crisp, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to the London Hospital (Whitechapel-road) and the Charing-cross Hospital (Agar-street); £2000 each to the Dental Hospital of London (Leicester-square) and the Orphan Working School (Maitland-park, Haverstock-hill); £1000 to the Refuge for Homeless Boys (Great Queen-street); and he directs the duty on the said legacies to be paid out of his personal estate. There are a few other legacies, and the residue of his real and personal estate is to be equally divided between his nieces and nephew, Mary Anne Carter Simco, Charlotte Simco, and Samuel Sayer.

The will (dated April 8, 1879) of Mrs. Eliza Harriet Tudor, late of No. 26, Lansdown-place, Cheltenham, who died on July 3, was proved on Aug. 2 by the Rev. Charles John Martyn and Major-General William Bainbridge Marshall, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for the purpose of building and fitting out a life-boat to be called the "Elizabeth Mary," and a life-boat house on some dangerous part of the coast of Cornwall; and there are a good many other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for Langley Frederick Vernon Tudor, the son of her deceased husband, Colonel William Langley Tudor, for life, and then for his children, with a gift over in default of children.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of Office of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Jan. 18, 1881) of Mr. William Galbraith, residing at No. 3, Blythwood-square, Glasgow, who died on April 29 last, granted to Peter Galbraith, Mrs. Jessie Maclean or Galbraith, Mrs. Margaret Croom Galbraith or Tennant, Alexander Andrew Fergusson, and James Murray, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £37,000.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1878) of Mrs. Sophia Susanna Barnes, late of Upton Villa, Penge, who died on Jan. 23 last, was proved on Aug. 6 by John Adam and Arthur William Marriott, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £27,000. The testatrix, after giving a few legacies, leaves one moiety of the residue of her real and personal estate, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Ann Pollett Dickinson, for life, and then for her three daughters; and the other moiety, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Marriott, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated June 13, 1885) of Captain Hobart George Anderdon, formerly of No. 17, Gay-street, Bath, and late of Fernleigh High Park, Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on June 14 last, was proved on Aug. 6, by Mrs. Mary Anne Anderdon, the widow, and John Stone, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths £400 and his jewellery and consumable stores to his wife; £100 to his executor, Mr. Stone; and there are one or two other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death he gives £300 to the Nathaniel Ragged School, Liverpool; and £500 each to the Railway Mission (186, Aldersgate-street) and the London City Mission. As to the ultimate residue, he gives one fourth to each of his nephew and nieces, Linton John Hughes, Frances Harriet Hughes, Mary Thornburgh Anderdon Hughes, and Catherine Eliza Hughes.

The will (dated March 29, 1888) of Miss Susan Elizabeth Burgess, late of No. 5, Burgess-hill, Finchley-road, Hampstead, who died on May 22 last, at Argelès, Hautes Pyrenées, was proved on Aug. 3 by Major William Henry Burgess and Major Ardwick Burgess, the brothers, and Edward Burgess Weatherall, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testatrix makes special gifts of ground rents, leasehold property, and money legacies, upon trusts, for several of her nephews and nieces; and bequeaths £100 each to her trustees and to two great-nephews. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her said nephew, Edward Burgess Weatherall.

A meeting of the council of the National Rifle Association was held on Aug. 9 at the rooms of the association in Pall-mall, Lord Wantage in the chair. Earlier in the day the chairman had an interview with Mr. Smith, in Downing-street, with reference to the petition for the allocation of a part of Richmond Park for the purposes of the annual meeting. A news agency says that, although Colonel Wheatley, of the Office of Works, and Mr. Burton, of the School of Musketry, Hythe, reported that the proposed site was safe for all practical purposes, the Government does not see its way to grant the use of the ground for the camp. The meeting having this decision before them inspected several plans of alternative sites, notably two from Brighton. One of these was presented by a deputation from Brighton, and the other was a ground selected by Sir Henry Fletcher, M.P. This latter site lies on Dyke-road, a mile and a half from West Brighton station and a mile from Pateham. It is called Bletchington. The firing points would be under the Red Hill, and the targets at the base of the Round Hill; on the right is Skeleton Hovel, on the left Toads' Hole. No actual decision was arrived at.

THE "KALIFA," A MALAY RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION.

A large number of Malays, descendants of those brought from the islands of the Dutch East Indies in former times, when the Dutch ruled at the Cape of Good Hope, form part of the population of Capetown. They are chiefly employed as boatmen in the harbour. On April 24, not for the first time, these people of an Asiatic race, in the chief city of the British South African Colony, exhibited a public performance of their extraordinary revels and orgies, sword-dances, knife-dances, and tricks with a variety of dangerous weapons, called the "Kalifa," and originally connected with a religious festival. It took place in the Exhibition Building at Capetown, where the stage of the large hall had been fitted up for the occasion. Palm-trees stood on either side of the proscenium, and the stage was fitted with Mohammedan symbols and a miniature mosque-like structure, behind which were a number of Malay singers; while seated round the stage were the drummers, who with the tom-tom kept up a continual boom, from which the actors took their time. All the performers in the Kalifa were dressed in white, with green sashes across the chest. The whole representation was under the charge of Hadji Saydien, who also presided at the celebration twenty-five years ago. The proceedings opened with exhibitions of agility with knives. The Malays, about twelve in number, ranged themselves in two rows up the stage, facing each other. In each hand was a dagger, and, at a given signal, the tom-toms beat, the choir sang a monotonous lay, and the acrobats commenced a circular dance, at given intervals, and quite in unison, carrying the knives close to their bodies, and wielding them with rapid motion, without actually stabbing themselves. A loud round of applause greeted this effort. The next item was a similar

exhibition, but with curved swords, and to six-eight time. The gambols were all thoroughly in unison, and the men seemed to be attempting to hack off their hands. One or two were actually wounded, and they dropped out, being disqualified from taking any further part in the Kalifa. The number gradually diminished, and only seven were left when two swords each were served out. Then the actors slashed away, seemingly, in the most reckless manner, dancing all the time. The sword-points were placed into their eyes and ears, and the edges round their throats, but not a scratch was sustained. This performance gained the loudest plaudits from the audience. Some pretty Eastern dances were given by Malay women; and the men went through the wonderful fire-dance. The intervals were pleasantly enlivened by the band of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. F. B. Ross, of Capetown.

NOVELS.

Fraternity: a Romance. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—An intimate knowledge of the Welsh temperament and genius, and of rural life in Merionethshire, where the characteristics of that interesting Celtic race are best preserved, enables the authoress of this sympathetic and graceful story, herself a Welshwoman, to give it true local colour. She is also inspired with the true spiritual enthusiasm for human brotherhood, which displays itself less in democratic political agitation than in zeal for social justice and charity, and in spreading high mental culture, and promoting good morals and refined manners among all classes of the people. An earnest but modest worker in this cause, at first made known to us as Edmund Haig, the village schoolmaster of Llanfairyd, near Pengwr, is the hero of the story. He has been reared in

ignorance of his parentage, having been left alone in his infancy by the death of his mother, a poor nameless wanderer in Shropshire, who could speak no English, and having been educated by the Fathers of an Anglican convent and school, from which he went to Oxford. Declining to take orders in the Church, he became a teacher and writer for a provincial newspaper in Wales. At Llanfairyd he gave private lessons to a sweet young lady, Blodwen Trevor, whose Christian name, meaning "White Flower," is doubtless more agreeable to Welsh than to English ears. She is an orphan, poor but of good family, living with an elderly maiden aunt; her elder brother, Mr. John Trevor, is a rising solicitor at Pengwr, and agent to an Earl who is the principal landlord of that neighbourhood. A strong and pure mutual affection has arisen between this girl and Edmund; but he, being some ten years her senior, refrains from wooing her, out of his chivalrous delicacy, and suddenly departs to his mission of teaching the neglected children of rude quarrymen in another district, and diffusing the principles of Christian fraternity among mankind. In a holiday mountain ramble, he chances to meet a young gentleman, Harold Price, a pedestrian tourist coming from the Midland shires, whose face, though he is a much younger man, bears a striking resemblance to that of Edmund himself. They become fast friends, and facts are presently revealed which make it almost certain that the father of Harold, Mr. Price, of The Oaks, near Blackton, who returned from Australia with plenty of money, is also the father of Edmund. He had disappeared a quarter of a century before, and had left his first wife and child in destitution, she being a Welsh peasant girl, and he the disinherited son of a petty squire who drove him away in anger. Edmund, a child of three years at the time when his forsaken mother died in a country workhouse on her road to follow her husband, was taken care of by two



A MALAY RELIGIOUS CEREMONY, THE "KALIFA."

old ladies named Haig, who allowed him to bear their name. The discovery of his parentage, however, does not alter Edmund's views of life and duty; he resolves not to deprive Harold of the fortune to be bequeathed by Mr. Price, but to continue the labours which he loves, content with earning a simple livelihood. Harold, an amiable and generous youth, accustomed to the society of the rich and fashionable, is attached to Lady Alice, one of the Earl's daughters at Pengwr Castle, and the contract of marriage between them would be broken if he ceased to be the heir to his father's wealth. In the meantime, at Llanfairyd, Blodwen is pining for Edmund, having never yet received an express avowal of his love for her, and there is much secret unhappiness all round. But the most miserable of men is old Mr. Price, whose conscience torments him for the death of the lost wife of his youth, though he had not intended to desert her; and he spends many days in solitary journeys and searches for her grave, while cherishing a passionate desire to learn what became of his little boy Edmund, whether living or dead. These feelings and thoughts of the sorrowful father are long concealed from Harold, who is so unkindly treated as to cause a temporary estrangement, until the old man, being very ill, weak, and distracted in mind, lets out the truth by confusing the names of his two sons. Harold then perceives that Edmund is his elder brother, sends for him to their father's sick-bed, and proposes, when his identity is proved, to renounce the inheritance in his favour. But Edmund still refuses to have it, and their noble contest of generosity ends with his accepting £200 a year. Finally, the one marries Blodwen, and the other gains the hand of Lady Alice; but the bond of brotherly love is sure to grow ever stronger between them in life; and they will do all they can, in the spirit of universal fraternity, to advance the welfare of mankind.

The Fat of the Land. By Mary Lester (Maria Soltera), author of "A Lady's Ride across Spanish Honduras." Three vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—In spite of laboured proximity and formality of style, this novel is rather interesting, now and then, by its lively portraiture of manners and its fertility of incidents. Yet the prevalence of sordid motives among so many leading characters has a depressing effect, and

there is a lack of consistency or probability in the fatal issues of their conduct. Why it should be called "The Fat of the Land" we fail to perceive; unless it be that the desire to get money, by catching well-endowed girls or rich men in the snare of matrimony, is represented as the mainspring of English social life. There are two good girls—Mary Leppell, daughter of the Hon. Colonel Leppell, a boisterous and reckless staff officer of pensioners, a younger son of Lord Hieover; and Willina Clavering, cousin and ward of Mr. Glascott, a retired Liverpool merchant or banker, living in Jersey. We like them so much that it is a sad disappointment, in the end, to leave the one extremely unhappy as a deserted wife; and the other, after losing her true lover, Stephen La Touche, by a dreadful death, married to a Peer fifty or sixty years of age, who is, though not unkind to her, none of Nature's noblemen. The best woman in the story, however, is Mrs. Leppell, an admirable lady severely tried by the faults of a rude and violent husband who is also dishonest, and by the misconduct of her eldest son; she lives to enjoy a brief gleam of domestic happiness, and then dies of a spasm of the heart. Tragedies do happen, but those of this tale are grievously ill-timed. Why should poor Stephen, the only good man of an odious family, some of whom are lunatics and idiots, others mean and spiteful rogues, perish by burning on the eve of his long-deferred union with Willina, for whom he has faithfully waited five years? As for the other men, though Mr. Glascott is magnanimous, it was very foolish of him, at his advanced time of life, to marry a heartless fortune-hunter like Miss Lillian Fanshawe; while Francis Clavering, an eminent professor of science, after marrying sweet Mary Leppell, and receiving from his guardian's bounty the gift of £2000 a year, perpetrates the vilest of crimes by running off with his guardian's wife; and Duke Leppell, who committed a forgery in his youth, being then an associate of blackguards, besides incurring a sentence of imprisonment for taking away a ward of the Court of Chancery, would not seem likely to become a man of principle. In these instances, one might think, the moral characteristics of individuals are not consistently maintained; persons do change, to be sure, in their sentiments and behaviour, yet not so abruptly and unaccountably, or without

apparent cause in the effect of circumstances on their peculiar temperament. Francis Clavering and Lillian, though alike selfish, hard, and ambitious, are coldly prudent, and would scarcely be the slaves of a criminal passion excited by a common interest in scientific studies, and by the lady's ability to do service in classifying geological specimens. This is a singularly odd beginning of amorous mischief that ends in an intrigue not only involving their social ruin, but aggravated by the most hideous treachery and ingratitude towards their kind benefactor. On the other hand, we do not understand how Duke Leppell and his uncle Alexander, afterwards Lord Hieover, who had such cruel and wicked faces wonderfully alike, and the elder of whom had basely slandered Mr. Glascott, attain the respectable standard of virtue that is allowed them at a later period. And why should his Lordship obtain the hand of the noble Willina? Is it to reward him for saving her from being buried alive, by putting a red-hot poker to the sole of her foot, when she has fallen into a trance and is supposed to be dead? The uncouth Scotch schoolmaster, Colin M'Taggart, might have done that just as well, and he at least is an honest man. The proceedings, moreover, by which the guilt of the Leppells is concealed from members of their family and their friends, are questionable in point of morality. It may be justifiable to prevent a criminal prosecution by paying a bill that somebody has forged, or making compensation for a pecuniary injury, and one may keep silence about it only so long as the offender has no further chance of swindling other people. But when Colonel Leppell has sold a case of diamonds entrusted to his care, substituting jewels of paste for the precious stones, the fraud being afterwards suspected, we cannot approve of shielding him from mere family disgrace by the trickery of replacing the real diamonds and falsely pretending that they had never been changed. This is not the action of a highly-conscientious person, or one that is justified by any degree of friendship. With all its confused and defective ethical conceptions, "The Fat of the Land" contains many scenes, both comic and pathetic, which have power to interest the ordinary reader; but its general effect is unsatisfactory, and it leaves a dismal impression that there are no longer any good men or women surviving in the world.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBBEON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE DAY.



IN TIMES of great sorrow the godly person ought to look forward to the never-ending joy and happiness that will follow this short life. Yet we still look backwards to the happy time that is past and can never come again. And then how happy does it seem to have been in comparison with present affliction!

It pleased Heaven alter many trials to restore my earthly happiness—at least, in its principal part, which is earthly love. Some losses—grievous and lamentable—there were which could not be re-

stored. Yet for a long time I had no other comfort (apart from that hope which I trust was never suffered to leave me) than the recollection of one single day in its course, too short, from dewy morn-

ing till dusky eve. I began that day with the sweetest joy that a girl can ever experience—namely, the return of her lover and the happiness of learning that he loves her more than ever, with the knowledge that her heart hath gone forth from her and is wholly his. To such a girl the woods and fields become the very Garden of Eden; the breath of the wind is as the voice of the Lord blessing another Eve; the very showers are the tears of gladness and gratitude; the birds sing hymns of praise; the leaves of the trees whisper words of love; the brook prattles of kisses; the flowers offer incense; the royal course of the sun in splendour, the glories of the sunrise and sunset, the twinkling stars of night, the shadows of the flying clouds, the pageant of the summer day—these are all prepared for that one happy girl and for her happy lover! Oh, Divine Gift of Love! which thus gives the whole world with its fruits in season to each pair in turn! Nay, doth it not create them anew? What was Adam without Eve? And Eve was created for no other purpose than to be a companion to the man.

I say, then, that the day when Robin took me in his arms and kissed me—not as he had done when we parted, and I was still a child, but with the fervent kiss of a lover—was the happiest day in all my life. I say that I have never forgotten that day, but, by recalling any point of it, I remember all: how he held my hand and how he made me confess that I loved him; how we kissed and parted, to meet again. As for poor Humphrey, I hardly gave him so much as a thought of pity. Then, how we wandered along the brook hand in hand!

"Never to part again, my dear," said the fond lover. "Here will we love, and here we will die. Let Benjamin become, if he please, Lord Chancellor, and Humphrey a great physician: they will have to live among men in towns, where every other man is a rogue. We shall live in this sweet country place, where the people may be rude but they are not knaves. Why, in that great city of London, where the merchants congregate upon the Exchange and look so full of dignity and wisdom, each man is thinking all the time that, if he fail to overreach his neighbour, that neighbour will overreach him. Who would live such a life when he can pass it in the fields with such a companion as my Alice?"

The pleasures of London had only increased his thirst for the country life. Surely, never was seen a swain more truly rustic in all his thoughts! The fine ladies at the playhouse, with their painted fans, made him, he told me, think of one who wore a russet frock in Somersetshire, and did not paint her sweet face—this was the way he talked. The plays they acted could never even be read, much less witnessed, by that dear girl—so full of wickedness they were. At the assemblies the ladies were jealous of each other, and put on scornful looks when one seemed preferred; at the taverns the men drank and bellowed songs and quarrelled; in the streets they fought and took the wall and swaggered; there was nothing but fighting among the baser sort, with horrid imprecations; at the coffee-house the politicians argued and quarrelled. Nay, in the very churches the sermons were political arguments, and while the clergyman read his discourse the gallants ogled the ladies. All this and more he told me.

To hear my boy, one would think there was nothing in London but what was wicked and odious. No doubt it is a wicked place, where many men live together; those who are wicked easily find each other out, and are encouraged in their wickedness. Yet there must be many honest and God-fearing persons, otherwise the Judgment of Heaven would again fall upon that city as it did in the time of Plague and in the Great Fire.

"My pretty Puritan," said Robin, "I am now come away from that place, and I hope never to see it again. Oh! native hills, I salute you! Oh! woods and meadows, I have returned, to wander again in your delightful shade." Then, which was unusual in my boy and would have better become Mr. Boscorel or Humphrey, he began to repeat verses. I knew not that he had ever learned any:—

"As I range these spacious fields,
Feast on all that Nature yields;
Everything inspires delight,
Charms my smell, my taste, my sight;
Every rural sound I hear
Soothes my soul and tunes my ear."

I do not know where Robin found these verses, but as he repeated them, waving his arm around, I thought that Humphrey himself never made sweeter lines.

He then told me how Humphrey would certainly become the most learned physician of the time, and that he was already master of a polite and dignified manner which would procure him the patronage of the great and the confidence of all. It was pleasant to hear him praise his cousin without jealousy or envy. To be sure, he knew not then—though afterwards I told him—that Humphrey was his rival. Even had he known this, such was the candour of my Robin and the integrity of his soul that he would have praised him even more loudly.

One must not repeat more of the kind and lovely things that the dear boy said while we strolled together by the brook-side.

While thus abroad we walked—'t was in the forenoon, after Humphrey's visit—Sir Christopher, his grandfather, dressed in his best coat and his gold-laced hat, which he commonly kept for church, and accompanied by Madam, walked from the

Manor House through the village till they came to our cottage. Then, with great ceremony, they entered, Sir Christopher bowing low and Madam dropping a deep courtesy to my mother, who sat humbly at her wheel.

"Madam," said Sir Christopher, "we would, with your permission, say a few words with the learned Dr. Eykin and yourself."

My father, who had now returned and was in his room, came forth when he was called. His face had recovered something of its serenity, but his eyes were still troubled. Madam sat down; but Sir Christopher and my father stood.

"Sir," said his Honour, "I will proceed straight to the point. My grandson desires to marry your daughter Alice. Robin is a good lad; not a scholar if you will; for his religion, the root of the matter is in him; for the goodness of his heart, I will answer; for his habit of life, he hath, so far as we can learn, acquired no vile vices of the city—he doth neither drink nor gamble, nor waste his health and strength in riotous living; and for his means, they are my own. All that I have will be his. 'T is no great estate, but 't will serve him as it hath served me. Sir, the boy's mother and I have come to ask your daughter in marriage. We know her worth, and we are right well satisfied that our boy hath made so good and wise a choice."

"They were marrying and giving in marriage when the Flood came; they will be marrying and giving in marriage in the great day of the Lord," said my father.

"Yes, gossip; but that is no reason why they should not now be marrying and giving in marriage."

"You ask my consent?" said my father. "This surprises me. The child is too young: she is not yet of marriageable age."

"Husband, she is nigh upon her twentieth birthday!"

"I thought she had been but twelve or thereabouts! My consent? Why, Sir Christopher, in the eyes of the world this is great condescension on your part to take a penniless girl. I looked, I suppose, to the marriage of my daughter some time—perhaps to a farmer—yet—yet, we are told that a virtuous woman hath a price far above rubies; and that it is she who buildeth up the house, and we are nowhere told that she must bring her husband a purse of gold. Sir Christopher, it would be the blackest ingratitude in us to deny you, even if this thing were (which I say not) against the mind of our daughter."

"It is not—it is not," said my mother.

"Wherefore, seeing that the young man is a good man as youths go, though in the matter of the Latin syntax he hath yet much to learn; and that his heart is disposed towards religion, I am right glad that he should take our girl to wife."

"Bravely said!" cried Sir Christopher. "Hands upon it, man! And we will have a merry wedding. But to-day I bid you both to come and feast with us. We will have holiday and rejoicing."

"Yes," said my father, "we will feast; though to-morrow comes the Deluge." I know now what he meant, but at that time we knew not, and it seemed to his Honour a poor way of rejoicing at the return of the boys and the betrothal of his daughter thus to be foretelling woes. "The Vision of the Plumb-line is before mine eyes," my father went on. "Is the land able to bear all this? We talk of feasting and of marriages. Yeta few days, or perhaps already—But we will rejoice together, my old friend and benefactor—we will rejoice together." With these strange words he turned and went back to his room, and, after some tears with my mother, Madam went home and Sir Christopher with her. But in honour to the day he kept on his best coat.

Robin suffered me to go home, but only that I might put on my best frock (I had but two) and make my hair straight, which had been blown into curls, as was the way with my hair. And then, learning from my mother with the utmost satisfaction what had passed, he led me by the hand, as if I were already his bride, and so to the Manor House, where first Sir Christopher saluted me with great kindness, calling me his dear grand-daughter, and saying that next to Robin's safe return he asked for nothing more than to see me Robin's wife. And Madam kissed me, with tears in her eyes, and said that she could desire nothing better for her son, and that she was sure I should do my best endeavours to make the boy happy. Then Humphrey, as quietly as if he had not also asked me to be his wife, kissed my hand, and wished me joy; and Mr. Boscorel also kissed me, and declared that Robin ought to be the happiest dog on earth. And so we sat down to our feast.

The conversation at dinner was graver than the occasion demanded. For though our travellers continually answered questions about the foreign lands and peoples they had seen, yet the subject returned always to the condition of the country, and to what would happen.

After dinner we sat in the garden, and the gentlemen began to talk of Right Divine and of Non-Resistance, and here it seemed to me as if Mr. Boscorel was looking on as from an eminence apart. For when he had once stated the texts and arguments upon which the High Church party do most rely he retired and made no further objections, listening in silence while my father held forth upon the duty of rising against wicked Princes. At last, however, being challenged to reply by Humphrey, Mr. Boscorel thus made answer.

"The doctrine that subjects may or may not rebel against their Sovereign is one which I regard with interest so long as it remains a question of logic and argument only. Unfortunately, the times are such that we may be called upon to make a practical application of it: in which case there may follow once more civil war, with hard knocks on both sides, and much loss of things temporal. Wherefore to my learned brother's arguments, which I admit to be plausible, I will, for the present, offer no reply, except to pray Heaven that the occasion may not arise of converting a disputed doctrine into a rule of conduct."

Alas! even while he spoke the messenger was speeding swiftly towards us who was to call upon all present to take a side.

The question is now, I hope, decided for ever: but many men had first to die. It was not decided then, but three years later, when King William cut the knot, and, with the applause of the nation, pulled down his father-in-law and mounted the throne himself with his gracious consort. We are agreed, at last, that Kings, like judges, generals, and all great officers of State, are to hold their offices in good behaviour. If they enter into machinations against the liberty of the people and desert the national religion, they must descend, and let others take their place. But before that right could be established for the country, streams of blood must first flow.

While they talked, we—I mean Madam, my mother, and myself—sat and listened. But my mind was full of another subject, and I heard but little of what was said, noting chiefly the fiery ardour of my father and the careless grace of Mr. Boscorel.

Presently my father, who was never easy in the company of Mr. Boscorel—(so oil and water will not agree to fill a cup in friendship)—and, besides, being anxious to rejoin the society of his books, arose and went away, and with him my mother—he, in his ragged cassock, who was a learned scholar; she, in her plain home-spun, who was a gentlewoman by birth.

Often had I thought of our poverty with bitterness. But now it was with a softened heart that I saw them walk side by side across the lawns. For now I understood plainly—and for the first time—how love can strengthen and console. My mother was poor, but she was not therefore unhappy.

Mr. Boscorel also rose and went away with Humphrey. They went to talk of things more interesting to the Rector than the doctrine of Non-Resistance: of painting, namely, and statuary and models. And when we presently walked from the Rectory gardens we heard a most gladsome scraping of fiddle-strings within, which showed that the worthy man was making the most of Humphrey's return.

When Sir Christopher had taken his pipe of tobacco he fell asleep. Robin and I walked in the garden and renewed our vows. Needs must that I should tell him all that I had done or thought since he went away. As if the simple thoughts of a country-maid should be of interest to a man! Yet he seemed pleased to question and to listen, and presently broke into a rapture, swearing that he was in love with an angel. Young lovers may, it is feared, fall into grievous sin by permitting themselves these extravagances of speech and thought; yet it is hard to keep them sober, and besides (because every sin in man meeteth with its correspondent in woman), if the lover be extravagant, the maiden takes pleasure in his extravagance. To call a mortal, full of imperfections, an angel, is little short of blasphemy. Yet I heard it with, I confess, a secret pleasure. We know ourselves and the truth concerning ourselves; we do not deceive ourselves as to our imperfections; yet we are pleased that our lovers should so speak and think of us as if we were angels indeed.

Robin told me, presently ceasing his extravagances for a while, that he was certain something violent was on foot. To be sure, everybody expected so much. He said, moreover, that he believed Humphrey had certain knowledge of what was going to happen; that before they left the Low Countries Humphrey had been present at a meeting of the exiles in Rotterdam, where it was well known that Lord Argyll's expedition was resolved upon; that he had been much engaged in London after their return, and had paid many visits, the nature of which he kept secret; and that on the road there was not a town and scarcely a village where Humphrey had not someone to visit.

"My dear," he said, "Humphrey is slight as to stature and strength, but he carries a stout heart. There is no man more bitter against the King than he, and none more able if his counsels were listened to. Monmouth, I am certain, purposes to head an expedition into England like that of Lord Argyll in Scotland. The history of England hath many instances of such successful attempts. King Stephen, King Henry IV., King Henry VII., are all examples. If Monmouth lands, Humphrey will join him, I am sure. And I, my dear"—he paused.

"And you too, Robin? Oh! must you too go forth to fight? And yet, if the Duke doth head a rising all the world would follow. Oh! to drive away the Papist King and restore our liberty!"

"My dear, I will do what my grandfather approves. If it be my duty to go, he will send me forth."

I had almost forgotten to say that Madam took me to her own chamber, where she opened a box and pulled out a gold chain, very fine. This she hung about my neck and bade me sit down, and gave me some sound advice, reminding me that woman was the weaker vessel, and should look to her husband not only to love and cherish her, but also to prevent her from falling into certain grievous sins, as of temper, deceitfulness, vanity, and the like, to which the weaker nature is ever prone. Many other things she said, being a good and virtuous woman, but I pass them over.

After supper we went again into the garden, the weather being warm and fine. The sun went down, but the sky was full of light, though it was past nine o'clock and time for me to go home and to bed. Yet we lingered. The birds had gone to sleep; there was no whisper of the wind; the village was in silence. And Robin was whispering in my ear. I remember—I remember the very tones of his voice, which was low and sweet. I remember the words he said: "Sweet love! Sweet love! How could I live so long without thee?" I remember my swelling heart and my glowing cheeks. Oh! Robin—Robin! Oh! poor heart! poor maid! The memory of this one day was nearly all thou hadst to feed upon for so long—so long a time!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VISION OF THE BASKET.

Suddenly we heard footsteps, as of those who are running, and my father's voice speaking loud.

"Sing, O Daughter of Zion! Shout, O Israel! Be glad and rejoice with all the heart!"

"Now, in the name of Heaven," cried Sir Christopher, "what meaneth this?"

"The Arm of the Lord! The Deliverance of Israel!"

He burst upon us, dragging a man with him by the arm. In the twilight I could only see, at first, that it was a broad, thick-set man. But my father's slender form looked taller as he waved his arms and cried aloud. Had he been clad in a sheepskin, he would have resembled one of those ancient Prophets whose words were always in his mouth.

"Good friend," said Sir Christopher, "what meaneth these cries? Whom have we here?"

Then the man with my father stepped forward and took off his hat. Why, I knew him at once; though it was ten years since I had seen him last! 'T was my brother Barnaby—none other—come home again. He was now a great strong man—a stouter have I never seen, though he was somewhat under the middle height, broad in the shoulders, and thick of chest. Beside him Robin, though reasonable in breadth, showed like a slender sapling. But he had still the same good-natured face, though now much broader. It needed no more than the first look to know my brother Barnaby again.

"Barnaby," I cried, "Barnaby, hast thou forgotten me?" I caught one of his great hands—never, surely, were there bigger hands than Barnaby's! "Hast thou forgotten me?"

"Why," he said slowly—"t was ever a boy slow of speech and of understanding—"belike, 't is Sister." He kissed my forehead. "It is Sister," he said, as if he were tasting a cup of ale and was pronouncing on its quality. "How dost thou, Sister? Bravely, I hope. Thou art grown, Sister. I have seen my mother, and—and—she does bravely, too; though I left her crying. 'T is their way, the happier they be."

"Barnaby," said Sir Christopher, "is it thou, scapegrace? Where hast thou— But first tell us what has happened. Briefly, man."

"In two words, Sir: the Duke of Monmouth landed the day before yesterday at Lyme-Regis with my Lord Grey and a company of a hundred—of whom I was one."

The Duke had landed! Then what Robin expected had come to pass! and my brother Barnaby was with the insurgents! My heart beat fast.

"The Duke of Monmouth hath landed!" Sir Christopher repeated, and sat down again, as one who knows not what may be the meaning of the news.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Then, with great ceremony, they entered, Sir Christopher bowing low and Madam dropping a deep courtesy to my mother, who sat humbly at her wheel.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

"Ay, Sir, the Duke hath landed. We left Holland on the 24th of May, and we made the coast at Lyme at daybreak on Thursday the 11th. 'Tis now, I take it, Saturday. The Duke had with him on board ship Lord Grey, Mr. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, Mr. Heywood Dare of Taunton."

"I know the man," said Sir Christopher, "for an impudent, loud-tongued fellow."

"Perhaps he was, Sir," said Barnaby, gravely. "Perhaps he was, but now?"

"How 'was'?"

"He was shot on Thursday evening by Mr. Fletcher for offering him violence with a cane, and is now dead."

"'Tis a bad beginning. Go on, Barnaby."

"The Duke had also Mr. Ferguson, Colonel Venner, Mr. Chamberlain, and others whom I cannot remember. First we set Mr. Dare and Mr. Chamberlain ashore at Seatown, whence they were to carry intelligence of the rising to the Duke's friends. The Duke landed at seven o'clock with his company, in seven boats. First, he fell on his knees and prayed aloud. Then he drew his sword, and we all marched after to the market-place, where he raised his flag and caused the Declaration to be read. Here it is, your Honour." He juggled out a copy of the Declaration, which Sir Christopher put aside, saying that he would read it in the morning.

"Then we tossed our hats and shouted 'A Monmouth! A Monmouth!' Sixty stout young fellows listed on the spot. Then we divided our forces, and began to land the cannon—four pretty pieces as you could wish to see—and the arms, of which I doubt if we have enough, and the powder—two hundred and fifty barrels. The Duke lay on Thursday night at the George. Next day, before dawn, the country people began flocking in."

"What gentlemen have come in?"

"I know not, Sir—my duty was most of the day on board. In the evening I received leave to ride home, and indeed, Sir Christopher, had orders to carry the Duke's Declaration to yourself. And now we shall be well rid of the King, the Pope, and the Devil!"

"Because," said my father, solemnly—"because with lies ye have made the hearts of the righteous sad whom I have not made sad."

"And what doest thou among this goodly company, friend Barnaby?"

"I am to be a Captain in one of the regiments," said Barnaby, grinning with pride; "though a sailor, yet can I fight with the best. My Colonel is Mr. Holmes; and my Major, Mr. Parsons. On board the frigate I was master and navigated her."

"There will be knocks, Barnaby; knocks, I doubt."

"By your Honour's leave, I have been where knocks were flying for ten years, and I will take my share, remembering still the treatment of my father and the poverty of my mother."

"It is rebellion, Barnaby!—rebellion!"

"Why, Sir, Oliver Cromwell was a rebel. And your Honour fought in the army of the Earl of Essex—and what was he but a rebel?"

I wondered to hear my brother speak with so much boldness, who ten years before had bowed low and pulled his hair in presence of his Honour. Yet Sir Christopher seemed to take this boldness in good part.

"Barnaby," he said, "thou art a stout and proper lad, and I doubt not thy courage—nay, I see it in thy face, which hath resolution in it and yet is modest; no ruffler or boaster art thou, friend Barnaby. Yet—yet—if rebellion fail—even rebellion in a just cause—then those who rise lose their lives in vain, and the cause is lost, until better times." This he said as one who speaketh to himself. I saw him look upon his grandson. "The King is—a Papist," he said, "that is most true. A Papist should not be suffered to rule this country. Yet to rise in rebellion! Have a care, lad! What if the time be not yet ripe? How know we who will join the Duke?"

"The people are flocking to his standard by thousands," said Barnaby. "When I rode away last night the Duke's secretaries were writing down their names as fast as they could be entered; they were landing the arms and already exercising the recruits. And such a spirit they show, Sir, it would do your heart good only once to witness!"

Now, as I looked at Barnaby, I became aware that he was not only changed in appearance, but that he was also very finely dressed—namely, in a scarlet coat and a sword with a silken sash, with laced ruffles, a gold-laced hat, a great wig, white breeches, and a flowered waistcoat. In the light of day, as I afterwards discovered, there were stains of wine visible upon the coat, and the ruffles were torn, and the waistcoat had marks upon it as of tar. One doth not, to be sure, expect in the sailing master of a frigate the same neatness as in a gallant of St. James's. Yet, our runaway lad must have prospered.

"What doth the Duke intend?" Sir Christopher asked him.

"Indeed, Sir, I know not. 'Tis said by some that he will raise the West Country; and by some that he will march north into Cheshire, where he hath many friends; and by others that he will march upon London, and call upon all good Protestants to rise and join him. We look to have an army of twenty thousand within a week. As for the King, it is doubted whether he can raise a paltry five thousand to meet us. Courage, Dad!"—he dared to call his father, the Rev. Comfort Eykin, Doctor of Divinity, "Dad!"—and he clapped him lustily upon the shoulder; "thou shalt mount the pulpit yet; ay, of Westminster Abbey if it so please you!"

His father paid no heed to this conversation, being wrapt in his own thoughts.

"I know not," said Sir Christopher, "what to think. The news is sudden. And yet—and yet!"

"We waste time," cried my father, stamping his foot. "Oh! we waste the time talking. What helps it to talk? Every honest man must now be up and doing. Why, it is a plain duty laid upon us. The finger of Heaven is visible, I say, in this. Out of the very sins of Charles Stuart hath the instrument for the destruction of his race been forged. A plain duty, I say. As for me, I must preach and exhort. As for my son, who was dead and yet liveth"—he laid his hand upon Barnaby's shoulder—"time was when I prayed that he might become a godly minister of God's Word. Now I perceive clearly that the Lord hath ways of His own. My son shall fight and I shall preach, Perhaps he will rise and become another Cromwell!"—Barnaby grinned.

"Sir," said my father, turning hotly upon his Honour, "I perceive that thou art lukewarm. If the cause be the Lord's, what matter for the chances? The issue is in the hands of the Lord. As for me and my household, we will serve the Lord. Yea, I freely offer myself, and my son, and my wife, and my daughter—even my tender daughter—to the cause of the Lord. Young men and maidens, old men and children, the Voice of the Lord calleth!"

Nobody made reply; my father looked before him, as if he saw in the twilight of the summer night a vision of what was to follow. His face, as he gazed, changed. His eyes, which were fierce and fiery, softened. His lips smiled. Then he turned his face and looked upon each of us in turn—upon his son and upon his wife and upon me, upon Robin and upon Sir

Christopher. "It is, indeed," he said, "the Will of the Lord. Why, what though the end be violent death to me, and to all of us ruin and disaster? We do but share the afflictions foretold in the Vision of the Basket of Summer Fruit. What is death? What is the loss of earthly things compared with what shall follow to those who obey the Voice that calls? Children, let us up and be doing. As for me, I shall have a season of freedom before I die. For twenty-five years have I been muzzled or compelled to whisper and mutter in corners and hiding-places. I have been a dumb dog. I, whose heart was full and overflowing with the sweet and precious Word of God; I, to whom it is not life but death to sit in silence! Now, I shall deliver my soul before I die. Sirs, the Lord hath given to every man a weapon or two with which to fight. To me he hath given an eye and a tongue for discerning and proclaiming the word of sacred doctrine. I have been muzzled—a dumb dog, I say—though sometimes I have been forced to climb among the hills and speak to the bending tree-tops. Now I shall be free again, and I will speak, and all the ends of the earth shall hear."

His eyes gleamed, he panted and gasped, and waved his arms.

"As for sister, Dad," said Barnaby, "she and mother may bide at home."

"No; they shall go with me. I offer my wife, my son, my daughter, and myself to the cause of the Lord."

"A camp is but a rough place for a woman," said Barnaby. "She is offered; she is dedicated; she shall go with us."

I know not what was in his mind, or why he wished that I should go with him, unless it was a desire to give everything that he had—to hold back nothing—to the Lord; therefore he would give his children as well as himself. As for me, my heart glowed to think that I was even worthy to join in such a cause. What could a woman do? But that I should find out.

"Robin," I whispered, "'tis Religion calls. If I am to be among the followers of the Duke, thou wilt not remain behind?"

"Child"—it was my mother who whispered to me; I had not seen her before—"Child, let us obey him. Perhaps it will be better for him if we are at his side. And there is Barnaby. But we must not be in their way. We shall find a place to sit aside and wait. Alas! that my son hath returned to us only to go fighting. We will go with them, daughter."

"We should be better without women," said Barnaby, grumbling; "I would as lief have a woman on shipboard as in a camp. To be sure, if Dad has set his heart upon it—and then he will not stay long in camp, where the cursing of the men is already loud enough to scare a preacher out of his cassock. Dad, I say"—But my father was fallen again into a kind of rapture, and heard nothing.

"When doth the Duke begin his march?" he said suddenly.

"I know not. But we shall find him, never fear."

"I must have speech with him at the earliest possible time. Hours are precious, and we waste them—we waste them."

"Well, Sir, it is bedtime. To-morrow we can ride; unless, because it is the Sabbath, you would choose to wait till Monday. And as to the women, by your leave, it is madness to bring them to a camp."

"Wait till Monday? Art thou mad, Barnaby? Art thou mad? Why, I have things to tell the Duke. Shall we waste eight precious hours? Up! let us ride all night. To-morrow is the Sabbath, and I will preach. Yea—I will preach. My soul longeth—yea, even it fainteth, for the Courts of the Lord. Quick! quick! let us mount and ride all night!"

At this moment Humphrey joined us.

"Lads," said Sir Christopher, "you are fresh from Holland. Know you aught of this?"

"Sir," said Humphrey, "I confess that I have already told Dr. Eykin what to expect. I knew that the Duke was coming. Robin did not know, because I would not drag him into the conspiracy. I knew that the Duke was coming, and that without delay. I have myself had speech in Amsterdam with his Grace, who comes to restore the Protestant religion and to give freedom of worship to all good Protestant people. His friends have promises of support everywhere. Indeed, Sir, I think that the expedition is well planned, and is certain of support. Success is in the hands of the Lord; but we do not expect that there will be any serious opposition. With submission, Sir, I am under promise to join the Duke. I came over in advance to warn his friends, as I rode from London, of his approach. Thousands are waiting in readiness for him. But, Sir, of all this, I repeat, Robin knew nothing. I have been for three months in the councils of those who desire to drive forth the Popish King, but Robin have I kept in the dark."

"Humphrey," said Robin, reproachfully, "am not I, also, a Protestant?"

(To be continued.)

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POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.
AUGUST 18, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Troopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Troopence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Threepence-halfpenny*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The extraordinary weather of this summer has not been peculiar to our island, but has affected the whole Continent also. Lucerne flooded—the "Devil's Bridge," that Turner painted and that everybody knew, injured by continuous rain—and southern France itself cold and cheerless in July! We, with our proverbial bad climate, surely have no right to complain that Goodwood lawns were like a swamp, and that people had to walk about them on planks. For the Cowes yachting, however, the weather has improved; and at the French coast people have suddenly found it hot enough to spend their usual quantum of daily life in the sea. The Parisienne's bathing-gown is not the least carefully thought out of her toilettes. On the shingle in front of the Casino figures may be seen daintily descending from the bathing-tents to the surf, clad in elaborate bifurcated garments of faille in light colours, with revers, parements, belts, &c., in contrasting tints, tennis flannels in bright stripes, or pretty cottons, fully trimmed with embroideries and laces. Shoes are a necessity on the stony shore; and Russian leather, or kid, or, at worst, canvas shoes, to precisely match the costume in colour, are necessary. Your true Parisienne, again, would never think of making her hair all rough and untidy by thoroughly wetting it in sea-water daily. Rumour says that the proper thing to do is to have a special coiffure to wear in the sea—a coiffure, that is, of course, that comes complete out of a band-box. But whether this be so or not, certainly whatever splashes the tresses may receive are accidental, not intentional; for the heads are guarded by smart, big hats being worn in the water. The fashion is all (whether for bathing or walking hats) for the flat-crowned big-brimmed straw chapeaux called "La Tosca," after the costumes worn in her new play by the actress who fills the rôle of an Empress in the world of fashion for Paris. These Directoire hats are trimmed with much fine ribbon, silk gauze, and wreaths of the most natural-looking flowers; and a discreet wearer will bob about daily in the water here for the entire six weeks of her season without splashing one bow or one leaf!

They are so thorough, these Frenchwomen! It is in the same country where nearly every business establishment has its books kept and its finances managed by women, that the most amazing illustrations of feminine folly and frivolity are also found. The same vitality and eagerness that make Madame Bourgeoise so admirable a director of serious affairs make Madame Mondaïne so perfect an illustration of waste and wild doings. A great lady wound up this season in Paris by giving a dogs' dinner-party and reception. Her invitations were sent out elaborately engraved in her own poodle's name: "Mlle. Fanchette requested the honour of the company of Mlle. Bébé at dinner at the house of Madame la Marquise de —." The menu was printed on the card of invitation, and was, by way of being witty: "tripe à la mode, bœuf cheval sauté," and so on. This stupid prank was carried out to the end, the dogs being turned loose with quantities of food in a big hall, while their owners watched the proceedings from a high gallery; but a few free fights, as anybody will readily understand who has been in the kennels at feeding-time and seen the disciplinary precautions there found needful, soon put an end to the hilarity. Yet the women who are reduced to such depths as these in search of amusement are the fellow-countrywomen—I do not say of one of the greatest living painters, Rosa Bonheur, or of one of the greatest authors of the century, George Sand—I say merely, the countrywomen of thousands of most industrious and capable heads of businesses of their own sex!

The sad and early death of Mr. Frank Holl, removing one of the very best of our portrait-painters in the prime of his powers, reminds one of the curious fact that an artist so successful with men's portraits had never painted a strikingly fine likeness of a woman. This is, I think, fairly to be called a curious fact; but it is by no means a new one. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted many of the sterner sex, and some of those works are doubtless fine portraits; but in depicting women lay his special strength. When we hear of "a Sir Joshua," without further description, surely the image that comes before every mental eye is that of a fair dame with powdered hair and gracious face and flowing yet folded robes? With Romney, this is even more decidedly the case: who can recall a male portrait by Romney, and who cannot remember vividly the type of his female portraiture? There are other artists besides Frank Holl, too, who are essentially painters of men. For instance, there is Vandyke. He had female sitters, and made admirable pictures from them; but somehow they are not characteristic of the artist—"a Vandyke" is a man's portrait as surely as "a Sir Joshua" is a woman's.

It is so in literature, indeed, as well. Men's admired books are only in the rare cases of the masters of their art women's admired books also. All the world of taste is constrained to admit and delight in the truth of the portraiture of life and the perfect art of the workmanship in the writings of a Shakspeare or a Jane Austen—(I hold my breath as I make the daring conjunction, but still I dare; for have not Macaulay and Tennyson led the way for me?)—but, on the other hand, was not Fielding the man's novelist and Richardson the ladies'? Was not Thackeray the delight of clubs and critics, while Dickens made his fame and fortune out of the domestic circles where women give the tone? Doubtless many an author whose purse and whose pride flourished in his day under female approbation is forgotten; while Sterne and Swift and Smollett, disappointed in their lives, are remembered by posterity: for to an author the applause of women means to be in his own day bought, paid, and popularised; but it is men who have in all past times awarded permanent fame by their monopoly of criticism and their claim to superior judgment. Nay, at this very day there are men "written up" by other men in the columns of leading newspapers whom women can scarcely manage to read, and to whom, therefore, literature is but a poor profession, however they may hold their heads high and count themselves as the masters of their art—for it is mostly women who read, at all events, light literature. Yes; there are men's men and women, and women's men and women, in every art, as well as in that of portrait-painting!

People who are going out of town are respectfully admonished not to forget the domestic cat, but to put it on board wages. Few houses are simply shut up and left; but the caretaker, unless specially requested to look after pussy and provided with the meagre funds that mean everything to that poor dependant, may drive it out, and refuse to attend to the calls of its butcher. In those cases where the house is entirely closed, so that there is nobody to feed and shelter the humblest of the domestics of the house, then the only merciful course is to send the cat to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, to be either boarded or painlessly put to the last sleep in the lethal chamber. This latter service is performed for a payment of a shilling or two, and the animal, placed in a closet filled with slumberous vapours, simply sleeps away existence. The example of the Queen may be cited to those who are reckless about the fate of a cat. Her Majesty's fondness for dogs is well known; but cats share in the Royal regard. Whenever her Majesty moves the Court, all the animals of the household are taken also.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

NEW BOOKS.

Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt. Translated by Francis Hueffer. Two vols. (H. Grevel and Co., King-street, Covent-garden).—The personal acquaintance, begun in 1840, between the eminent Hungarian musician and the great German composer, who afterwards married the daughter of Liszt, was an interesting example of mutual benefits from the frank and cordial association of two men of genius. This is well explained in the translator's preface to these volumes, which are filled with their letters—above three hundred—written to each other during twenty years, and containing, besides an immense variety of details of professional business and of private life, having much biographical interest, many expressions of thought and feeling with regard to musical, dramatic, and poetic art, and to the ideal harmony of imaginative creations, by which the mind of Wagner was haunted. It is Wagner, undoubtedly, who appears the more leading and commanding spirit in such discussions; and his apostolic, heroic, enthusiastic zeal for the exhibition of principles which most persons of mature æsthetic culture will admit to be theoretically true, displays itself forcibly in correspondence with his intimate ally. Liszt, though not two years his senior, had already gained high worldly celebrity when the author of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" was a disappointed exile; and his knowledge of the actual standard of taste and the prevailing mental habits of fashionable patrons and critics, especially in Paris and other European capitals, made him fear lest Wagner's genius, which he at once discerned, should be "super-ideal" in tendency, and should thereby fail of success. On the higher ground of seeking the "Wahre, Gute, Ganze," or the "Wahre, Gute, Schöne," whether or not it please the vulgar, these men could hardly differ; but their intellectual constitutions were so far dissimilar that Liszt cannot be supposed to have thoroughly penetrated into all Wagner's refined metaphysical conceptions, which he endeavoured to represent by artistic symbolism. The romantic impression, and also the religious significance, of some of Wagner's characteristic designs, appealed to the capacity of Liszt for enthusiastic adherence. He was earnest in the championship of a genuinely inspired, serious, and original kind of art, entirely German, which should be opposed to that of Meyerbeer's and Verdi's popular operas. He found this in Wagner, as he thought, and he became attached to the man, continuing frequent acts of kindness to him, and various friendly services in domestic affairs, while aiding the production of his works, and recommending them by occasional notices in the critical journals. The character of Liszt, as shown in these transactions, is really admirable: "How good, how prudent, how delicate and patient he is, that I know," says another of Wagner's correspondents. Wagner was duly grateful; and in his pecuniary straits, when living at Zurich, forbidden as an outlawed Republican of 1848 to re-enter Germany, and vexed by the bad performance and wretched money profits of his romantic operas, he accepted thankfully his friend's unwearied efforts on his behalf. The years 1854 and 1855, from the beginning of the second volume of these interesting letters, were a period of severe trial for Wagner; he was in the middle of his great work, the trilogy of the Nibelungen, having finished the "Rhinegold," and being engaged on the "Valkyrie." He felt that only for that work he cared at all to live; yet the chance of its ever being performed or published was very problematical; his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" had been abandoned to mean and sordid jobbers; and he was sorely in want of a modest income to go on with for a little while. Liszt, who was an excellent man of business, and was conductor of the Grand Duke's Court music at Weimar, though not rich, helped Wagner as much as he could, managed his affairs at Berlin for him, and led Princess Caroline, whose letters to Wagner are noble, womanly, and sweetly sympathetic, to use her influence on his behalf. Amidst many details that now seem trivial, but which were very important to poor Wagner at the time, we find some gems of thought and sentiment like this—speaking of the difficulty of creating a new idea, that of an original poetical or artistic conception, a new moral or religious truth, or a social or political reform, in the public mind:—"When a sculptor wants to make a beautiful statue, he takes granite or marble and wears his strength in cutting it; but granite and marble are less hard than the heart of man. The sculptor, unless he dies, finishes his statue; when a noble thing has to be done, men are less pliable material." It is not Liszt or Wagner, but a woman, who says this fine thing; while Wagner cries, "If you can help me, you will be doing God's work; am I not worth a few thousand thalers for half a year to some German enthusiast?" His prolonged exclusion from his native country was doubtless a great hindrance to obtaining some adequate remuneration for his past labours. Yet, when advised to sue directly for his King's pardon, Wagner had the fortitude to reply, "The letter to the King of Saxony I shall leave alone; I should not know how to utter any truth in it that he would comprehend; and I do not care to tell lies; that is the only sin I know of." The spirit of Dante may be recognised in this rude sentence. By the way, readers of Dante, and readers of Goethe no less, will peruse Wagner's thoughtful comments on their most famous poems with some attention. Neither "Faust" nor the "Divina Commedia" is a good work of art; but in both these poems, to which Liszt furnished musical symphonies, the imaginative rendering of profound ethical conceptions will always command the reverent admiration of minds of a certain order. The mind of Richard Wagner, however, was essentially Protestant, of the Renaissance and of the modern humanist philosophy, despite his artistic choice of mediæval forms. Yet he had little sensuous enjoyment of life, and music, as well as scenery, romantic actions, and all outward beauty, became to him the subject of an intellectual creative passion. "We are what we are," he says, "only while we create; all the other functions of life have no meaning for us, and are at bottom only concessions to the vulgarity of ordinary human existence, which can give us no satisfaction." This is not far from a true statement of the doctrine of the artist's mission; it was often in the mind of Goethe, but Goethe never expressed it so precisely. Wagner, indeed, whatever may be the value of his particular theories, or of the forms and styles of musical and dramatic composition that he invented, was a very prophet and apostle of the genuine spirit of Art, and one of the greatest men of the age. He was not a philosopher; and his superficial adoption of the shallow and gloomy views of Schopenhauer, at a time when he often thought of suicide, was deserving only of pity. But he lived and toiled and suffered for a grand idea—that of the harmonious combination of artistic means of expression, which may be attainable in some other way, if not just in his own way, and may be the Art of the Future. This translation of his letters, and of the letters to him, is very welcome. It ought, in the second edition, to be furnished with a copious index, not to every little circumstance, but to every theme or question of abiding importance mentioned by the correspondents. English readers, too, might willingly turn, if so directed, to Wagner's letters from London, between January and July, 1855, when he conducted the concerts of the Old Philharmonic Society,

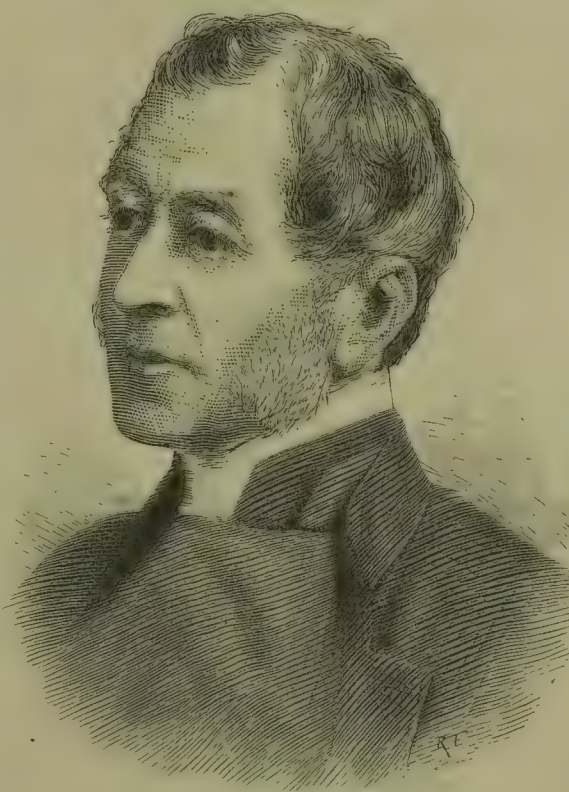
got some of his works represented here, and was introduced to the Queen and Prince Albert. The last of the correspondence here published leaves this German Dante of modern music at Paris, still an exile from the Fatherland, still far from the happy incident of an invitation from the late King of Bavaria,



THE RIGHT REV. W. STUBBS, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF OXFORD.

calling him to Munich and Bayreuth, and to theatres specially erected for the representation of his works.

Bridewell Royal Hospital, Past and Present, as a Palace, Hospital, Prison, and School. By Alfred James Copeland, F.S.A. (Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co.).—The author of this volume holds the office of Treasurer of the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlehem, two of the most important charitable foundations in London, the management of both having always been vested in one body of governors, among whom the City Court of Aldermen and the Common Council of the City are officially represented. While the fame of Bethlehem, a name more usually written "Bethlem" in these days, and in former days pronounced "Bedlam," has been widely extended by its identification with the great lunatic asylum; which is now one of the best-managed institutions of its kind, we suspect that the present destination of "Bridewell" is not so generally known. This name, indeed, was for many generations typically associated with the idea of a prison, or house of penal correction; and such it was, indeed, from the Elizabethan age, though at first used specially for disorderly apprentices, and latterly again for the reformatory discipline of juvenile offenders, until the middle of the nineteenth century. Bridewell is now the headquarters establishment of a valuable educational institution called "King Edward's Schools," having nothing of a penal character; the Boys' School is established at Witley, near Godalming, in Surrey; and the Girls' School is in Southwark,



THE LATE VERY REV. J. W. BURGON, B.D.,
DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

adjacent to Bethlem Royal Hospital. The handsome building in New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, containing the offices and residences of the Treasurer and the Receiver and other apartments, stands on part of the ancient site of Bridewell, which has various interesting historical associations. Major Alfred Copeland's small volume, well arranged, concisely written, and presenting many curious and characteristic anecdotes, will preserve these associations in remembrance, and is an acceptable contribution to the antiquarian lore of London. Of the original Royal Palace or Castle of Bridewell, or "St. Bride's Well," taking its name from the Danish Church of St. Bride and from a holy spring of water, or well, believed to have miraculous healing powers, we cannot learn so much as might be desired. It may probably have been founded earlier than the Norman Conquest, in times when the Fleet river, or its tidal estuary at Blackfriars, was a

pleasant open piece of water, and its western bank, with all the ground adjacent up the Thames, was a verdant paradise of meadow and woodland. The King's Castle there is mentioned in the reign of William I., and again in that of Henry I., and King Henry III. and King John appear to have sometimes resided at Bridewell. Coming down to King Henry VIII., the palace seems to have been repaired by that monarch for occasional Royal use; as when the Emperor Charles V., visiting London in 1522, was lodged in the Blackfriars monastery, a covered gallery from Bridewell was constructed across the Fleet; and again, in 1528 and 1529, when the Papal Legate came to the conference on the lawfulness of the King's marriage with Queen Catherine, this palace was the abode of the King and Queen. A Parliament was held at Bridewell in 1525, and the King held his Court here to create several new Peers. His Majesty, not unnaturally, took a dislike to the place, after the affair of his divorce, and it ceased to be a Royal dwelling. The young King Edward VI., being moved to religious charity by the preaching of Bishop Ridley, consented, by the advice of Alderman Sir Richard Dobbs, Lord Mayor of London, to bestow the house of Bridewell for what we should now call an "industrial training-school" and "reformatory school," to the cost of which liberal contributions were made by the City. It was part of a grand series of measures for the remedy of ignorance, vagrancy, and vice, and for the relief of the diseased, the infirm, the destitute, and the orphan in London; the foundation of Christ's Hospital, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and Bethlehem, about the same time, went hand in hand with that of Bridewell. The readers of Mr. Copeland's book, which from this point gains in anecdotic interest, will observe that a complete perversion of the original design, with many abuses of prison administration, and especially with much cruel treatment of women, got into the management of Bridewell, prevailing in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to a shameful degree. Girls and women, for instance, were stripped partly naked to be flogged by a man, in the presence of the men and boys. The present state of things affords a gratifying contrast; and the ancient name of Bridewell is connected only with the efficient administration of an eminently philanthropic institution. This volume, which also contains an account of the Fleet river and the great changes in its condition, is adorned with several portraits and views of places and buildings.

THE NEW BISHOP OF OXFORD.

The Right Rev. William Stubbs, D.D., who has been translated from the See of Chester to that of Oxford, is the son of Mr. W. Morley Stubbs, of Knaresborough, and was born in that town on June 21, 1825. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, obtaining first-class classical honours in 1848, and was elected Fellow of Trinity in the same year. He obtained many other University distinctions, and the honorary degree of LL.D. of Cambridge in 1879, and of Edinburgh in 1880. In 1886 the University of Heidelberg gave him the honorary degree of Doctor *in utroque jure*. He was ordained deacon in 1848, priest in 1850, and consecrated Bishop of Chester in 1884. Dr. Stubbs was Vicar of Navestock from 1850 to 1867, and Rector of Cholderton, Wilts, from 1875 to 1879. He was a Canon residentiary of St. Paul's from 1879 to 1884, is a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, and a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts. Dr. Stubbs filled for several years with great distinction the office of Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and has published many valuable works, marked by great learning and research, illustrative of English constitutional history from the earliest times. Bishop Stubbs is honorary member of many foreign scientific and literary societies. He married, in 1859, Catharine, daughter of Mr. John Dellon, of Navestock.

THE LATE DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

The Very Rev. John William Burgon, B.D., Dean of Chichester, who died on Aug. 5, was an able theological and ecclesiastical controversialist, and a learned scholar, whose career in those branches of study began later in life than is usual with clergymen. He was born in 1816, the son of a London City merchant having business at Smyrna, and early gained an acquaintance with the history of Greece, Syria, and the ancient Eastern Churches. He preferred literary to commercial pursuits, wrote several treatises, and a "Life of Sir Thomas Gresham," in 1839, and became a student of Worcester College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1845, with second-class honours; he gained also the Newdigate prize for a poem on the ruins of Petra, the Denyer Theological Essay prize and the Ellerton Theological prize, and was elected to a Fellowship of Oriel College. He was admitted into holy orders by Bishop Wilberforce in 1849 and the following year. He held one of the Select Preacherships in the University in 1860-61, and from 1863 down to 1875 he was Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. He also delivered lectures in Divinity at Gresham College, London. His activity in religious and political discussions, as a Conservative High Churchman not of the Tractarian or Ritualist school, and his literary productions, made him a man of mark; and in 1875, on the death of Dr. Hook, he was appointed Dean of Chichester. He was author of many pamphlets, reviews, and memoirs, written with much force and ability; also of volumes of sermons, an "Historical Account of the Colleges of Oxford," "Codices Sacri, at Home and Abroad," and "Evangelia Manuscripta in Foreign Libraries," these being works of high merit.

MESSRS. PHILIP'S MINIATURE ATLASES.

A Handy-Volume Atlas of Australasia has just been published by Messrs. George Philip and Son, of 32, Fleet-street, uniform with their admirable Atlases of the World and the British Empire. It contains thirty maps and plans of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, British New Guinea, and Fiji. The same publishers have issued a Handy-Volume Atlas of British America, containing thirty maps and plans of Canada, Newfoundland, British West Indies, British Honduras, British Guiana, and the Falkland Islands. All these compact and clearly-printed miniature works, suitable for pocket or desk, and rightly named "Handy Volumes," are supplied with indexes, and geographical, statistical, and historical notes, carefully gathered by Mr. J. Francon Williams, F.R.G.S.

The Society of Arts offer prizes to art-workmen for the session 1888-89 in pottery, stone-carving, wrought-iron work, and goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work. The prizes in the last class are presented by the Goldsmiths' Company, and are offered for a cup or sugar-basin of beaten silver, chased or otherwise. Nineteen prizes are offered in the class of pottery, four in the class of stone-carving for the capital of a column, and three for a wrought-iron grille. All articles for competition must be sent in to the society's house on or before Tuesday, April 23, 1889. The conditions under which these prizes are offered can be obtained on application to the secretary of the society.



Nymphs & Cherubim



Castle Building

He was only learning to make nets - but he was never allowed out by himself again!



Amantium ira



Lookie here Miss I aint going to let folks paint my boat for nothing So just you pay me fower shillings.



Awkward predicament for Smith who had been for a long swim!



BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY TH. VON DER BEEK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. SCHÖNEN, DÜSSELDORF.

THE WRECK OF THE COPELAND.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

The steamer *Copeland*, of about 1000 tons register, bound for Leith, sailed from Reykjavik, Iceland, on the morning of Friday, July 20, with a cargo of 480 ponies and eleven passengers—namely, Major-General Bevan Edwards, C.B., Captain Miles, Messrs. Williams (two), Ross, Warner, Rider Haggard, two servants, and an Icelandic lady and baby. The ponies, rough hardy creatures, averaging thirteen hands, were shipped from the beach in large boats, about ten to a boat, and then hoisted on board with the donkey engine. It may be doubted if any other breed of horses could have borne such rough-and-ready treatment as is meted out to these unfortunate animals without breaking their limbs or dashing themselves to pieces with fright. Once on board they were stowed in the holds, between decks, and, to the number of about fifty, on the deck itself—being packed as closely as herrings in a barrel.

The *Copeland* left harbour in a dead calm, but by breakfast time she was labouring through a head sea and half a gale of wind from the north-east. This gale blew with ever-increasing strength, and with the steadiness of a monsoon, for four days. On July 23 it became so violent that the vessel could no longer plunge through it at half-speed, and Captain Thompson was forced to lay her head on to the seas, merely keeping enough way to hold her in that position. The situation now had the charm of uncertainty. Owing to the presence of the ponies it was impossible to batten down the holds, for to do so would have been to suffocate them. On the other hand, the risk of riding out such a gale in a ship of which the spar deck ceased forward at the bridge, with three yawning hatchways ready to receive the water, was obvious to the most inexperienced observer. So long as the vessel's head could be kept to the seas she was fairly safe; for although she shipped water, it did not reach the holds in any quantity. But in the event of anything happening to her steering gear—which, to judge from the precautions taken to strengthen the chain, did not appear to be in the soundest condition—or, worse still, to the machinery—and either event might well have happened in so severe and prolonged a gale—it would certainly seem that she must have come broadside on to the seas, to fill and sink before her hatches could have been closed. The truth is that if they can possibly avoid it, passengers should never travel in vessels laden with the most dangerous of cargoes, live stock, unless they are specially built and fitted for the trade.

During the afternoon and night of the 23rd the weather grew still worse than it had been, and the discomfort of the voyage, even to those who were not sea-sick, was a thing to be remembered. It is reported that Mr. Oscar Wilde does not think much of the Atlantic. Had he been on board the *Copeland* it is probable that he would have changed his opinion. It became impossible to stand upon the wet decks without support; and to cling to a rail or rope with the spray whipping one's face and watch the great grey seas rush down upon the ship in an endless succession, breaking over her bow with a cloud of foam, as one by one she climbed their mountainous steeples, is an occupation that in course of time affects the spirits even to the point of prolonged reflection upon one's testamentary arrangements. Below, matters were scarcely better. The only thing to do was to eat and drink, and everybody knows what that means in a heavy gale; and, when this became impossible, to lie upon the stern sofas and try to read. But who can read when every few minutes a black mass surges up over the screwed port-holes, through which, tight as they are, the water squirts, and then as the vessel settles falls upon the poop above with a heavy thud that shakes her from stem to stern, and rushes to and fro across the decks with a long dreary wash? I believe that when a ship goes through this performance, it is known in nautical language as "dipping her tail." Certainly the *Copeland* dipped hers with such vigour that we began almost to think it would fall off altogether.

But if the lot of the passengers was bad, and that of the unfortunate, overworked, and sodden crew worse, the ponies were, after all, the most to be pitied. For days those on the deck were soaked hour after hour by the seas, pierced by the wind, frightened by the turmoil, and dashed backwards and forwards by the violent unceasing motion. One by one the weaker animals succumbed, fell, and after some hours of misery, died. Anything more pitiful than the sight of these dead and dying ponies I never saw. It certainly does not seem right that the owners of vessels should be allowed to carry live-stock upon the upper deck without providing them with some shelter from the weather. Their terror alone must be very great. I saw one poor animal, when a big sea came among them, make a most determined effort to spring over the railing of the hatch down into the hold. It would have succeeded had not a sailor who was by caught it by the tail and dragged it back. We lost about fifteen ponies from exposure, and it speaks well for their constitutions that we did not lose many more.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 24th the gale lulled a little, and the Captain tried to drive ahead, with the result that we were all nearly shaken out of our berths. Very soon, however, he abandoned the attempt, the strain on the ship and machinery being too great. As it was, the man steering was, on two or three occasions, thrown right over the wheel. About eleven in the forenoon, however, the weather suddenly cleared, and we pursued our voyage without further interruption. Next morning at breakfast time we found ourselves slowly steaming through the Pentland Firth, and enveloped in a soft white mist. There are, as the reader may be aware, few more dangerous waters to navigate in foggy weather than this Firth, with its violent current running at twelve knots an hour. About ten o'clock we arrived off Thurso, every few minutes loudly blowing our steam fog-horn, which was answered by some invisible vessel in our vicinity. Here, as usual, a boat came off to take telegrams, its owner assuring us, as he departed, that the fog would lift with the turn of the tide.

It would have been well for us if we had stopped here, but the question of the ponies again came in. I understand that owing to the length of our voyage, which would in ordinary circumstances have been accomplished in three

days and a half, only enough hay was left to provide the unfortunate animals with one more feed, whereas we could not, at the best, reach Leith in less than twenty hours. I believe it was this question of hay that forced the Captain to take the risk and push on. All went well for nearly an hour and a half. The mist was still thick, but the sea was quite calm, and the passengers, who had ceased to be sea-sick, were standing about the deck talking of Iceland and salmon rivers. Presently, glancing over the stern, I saw by the track in the water that the ship's course had been altered two points. Had that alteration never been made the *Copeland* would not have been at the bottom of the



THE COPELAND ASHORE.—PHOTOGRAPHED AT LOW WATER.

sea to-day. The Captain, believing that we had passed the rocky island of Stroma, was standing in two minutes too soon. All of a sudden the curtain of the mist seemed to be drawn up before our eyes, and there—not more than a hundred yards in front of us—we saw a field of breakers, and the current boiling over the rocks; while right ahead something huge loomed up through the heavy air. We looked at each other, but I do not remember that anybody spoke. For my part, I knew what was coming, and concentrated my attention on the development of the drama. The Captain and, I think, the first mate, were on the bridge. The engine-bell rang loudly, and the screw stopped: again the bell rang, and the engines began to go full-steam astern. But, although we were only running half-speed, the way we had on and the tide overpowered the screw, and we glided quickly through the deep, quiet water towards the lip of the breakers. Another few seconds and we were in them. Then with a succession of long and grinding, but comparatively gentle, shocks, the end came, and the *Copeland* stopped for the last time.

In an instant all was confusion—the escaping steam began to roar; the crew bustled along the decks, and the firemen tumbled up through the hatches, presently to be sent down to rake out the fires before the water reached the boilers. As for the passengers, having remarked to each other it was "a case," they went below to try and save their gear. Fortunately, with the exception of the Icelandic lady and the stewardess, there were no women on board. What would have happened if the *Copeland* had been carrying five hundred emigrants, as on previous voyages, it is difficult to say. There was no panic, for the ponies could not demonstrate against death by drowning. Personally, having bundled my things into a bag, I was, in common with my fellow-passengers, preparing myself for the privations of shipwreck by filling my flask and drinking a bottle of beer, when I felt the ship slip and give a sickening



ON STROMA, ORKNEY ISLANDS: COLLECTING BAGGAGE.

quiver that caused me to finish the beer and leave the saloon with more haste than dignity. On deck the sailors were trying to get out the boats, but, as somebody remarked, they almost seemed to be "screwed down," and when at last they were lifted off their supports, to have a strange propensity to go into the water any way except on a level keel; indeed, one of the passengers heard a sailor asking the steward for caulks to stop the holes by which the bilge water is allowed to escape: so altogether the prospect of rescue by means of the boats in the event of the sudden foundering of the ship was not bright. We had, however, been observed from the shore, for the dark mass that we had seen beyond the breakers proved to be the island of

Stroma, the southernmost of the Orkneys, and in a few minutes, to our comfort, several good boats were lying close to us. Presently a Stroma man from one of them boarded the ship, and as we stood wondering what was going to happen next, and watching the boiling of the water about our sides, he came running aft. He was a handsome-looking man, with wild eyes and flying hair, and as he came he spoke words of weight: "Get off of this," he said. "There's five feet of water in her hold, and sixty fathom under her stern. She's only hanging on the rocks; she'll slip off presently and go down by the stern, and drown every man of you!"

Then we began to think that it was time to make a move, and I will confess that during a somewhat varied career I never spent a more unpleasant quarter of an hour than I did between the arrival of the gentleman with warning in his voice and our final escape. It is irritating to be sucked down and drowned in the wake of a sinking ship; and in calm weather, within sight of shore, it seems unnecessary. So we called to the men in one of the boats—for our own were still dangling—and asked if they could take us off? They answered that they could if we could come down to them. This, having obtained the Captain's sanction, and, what was even more necessary, a rope-ladder, we went on to do decently and in order, but still without unnecessary delay. When we were descending, Captain Miles suddenly remembered the Icelandic lady and her baby. She had vanished into the smoking-room four days before, and been quite forgotten. Not even shipwreck had brought her out. He fetched her, and she came down into the boat, baby and all. To judge from the happy expression on her face, she did not in the least understand the position—probably, indeed, she thought the ships usually unloaded themselves after this fashion. When once I was in the boat my first care was to get up to the bow and loosen the rope by which she was made fast to the vessel, so that I could slip it at any moment. This I did because I remembered that when the *Teuton* foundered under somewhat similar circumstances on the coast of South Africa, a boat containing thirty women and children was dragged down with her. The rope was fast and nobody had a knife to cut it. Happily, in our case, this emergency did not arise.

At length everybody was embarked, including the islander who had warned us, and with some relief we got away from the ill-fated vessel. It was no more than a hundred yards to the shore, but even in that weather it was not too easy to get there. A sunken reef over which the tide was boiling had to be avoided, and the landing place consisted of sheer hard rocks that it would be impossible to attempt in unfavourable circumstances. In short, as we went we realised clearly enough that had there been any sea on, or even an ocean swell remaining from the gale we had experienced, our escape would have been practically impossible. No boats could live in it; to swim would not, I think, be feasible; and even supposing that the ship had held together and remained on the rocks for sufficient time to allow of its being used, there is no rocket apparatus in Stroma; nor, for the matter of that, is there a life-boat, a fog-horn, or a lighthouse. Thus, had the state of the weather been different, in the absence of a rocket apparatus, every soul on board the *Copeland* must, humanly speaking, have been drowned. Some of the islanders begged us to make this want of apparatus known in the proper quarters, and, in the interest of those who may in the future find themselves in the same uncertain position, I do what I can to that end.

We landed at last, and, having saved ourselves, began to think about our luggage. It had all been dragged up on deck with really remarkable promptitude as soon as the ship struck, and now the sailors, who were still aboard, threw it into boats alongside. So that in the end we saved it all, and even a basket of food. Meanwhile, as the vessel seemed to be fixed, and gave no further signs of slipping backwards into the deep water under her stern, great efforts were made to rescue some of the ponies. About a hundred of the poor creatures in the lower hold were drowned soon after the vessel struck; and it was said to be a pitiful sight to see them scrambling on to each other's backs and trying to swim for their lives as the water rushed in. Those on the upper decks, however, had a better chance. It was only necessary to throw them into the sea, and allow them to swim to a rock that at low water projects from the shore; and in this way a hundred-and-twenty ponies were saved before the rising of the tide made it unsafe to continue operations. Gathering confidence from the apparent stability of the ship upon her rock, two of our number who had ponies on her, Mr. Ross and Mr. Williams, determined, very much against the advice of those who had none, to return aboard and see if they could save them. We watched them get on to the ship, and before they had been there long we heard a noise something like the report of a gun, and saw her bow lift two feet or more out of the water. "She's going!" said someone; but most happily she did not go. The great rocks that pierced her amidships sunk more deeply into her vitals and held her. In doing so it pressed up the mainmast several feet with such tremendous force that the wire ropes cracked and slipped, and the mast was shivered. Our friends and the others aboard rushed forward, intending to throw themselves into the water by the ship's bow, taking their chance of being picked up or getting to shore, which, in the state of the tide, would have been possible if she had not rolled over upon them. But, fortunately, the rock checked her, and this did not become necessary.

If the wreck of the *Copeland* had been designed by Mr. Augustus Harris for the boards of Drury-Lane its surroundings could not have been more theatrically appropriate. The peculiar character of the rocks and the piles of baggage on them suggested a stage effect; so did the picnic luncheon; the picturesque islanders in the background; and, more than all, the camera, produced in the nick of time by Captain Miles from among the baggage, to the presence of which I am indebted for the photographs that are reproduced here. It shows how true melodrama is to life! But it was a melodrama with a serious side to it, and we were all glad enough when at length, after about six hours' stay, we succeeded in obtaining three boats to take us and our baggage across the Firth to the hotel near John-o'-Groat's, which is about seventeen miles from Wick, the terminus of the Highland Railway. On getting into our boat we were a little

disturbed by one of the crew violently protesting against our putting out without food or water. We asked why food and water were necessary for a two miles' row? and it then transpired that we were liable to be carried out to the open ocean, where we might possibly drift for days. However, we started.

Our course lay under the stern of the Copeland, round which the full tide was now again sweeping in its strength, causing the water-logged vessel to move ominously. Some time before this the Captain and the remainder of the crew had, as we thought, abandoned the ship, leaving more than 300 ponies to their fate. As we passed under the stern, however, we became aware that there were still three men on board, who shouted to us to come and take them off. This, as there seemed to be nobody else to do it, we were forced to undertake. We got to the ladder and hooked on—and a very disagreeable position it was, for in that flood tide it was obvious that the ship might come off the rock at any moment, and involve us in her utter loss. What made it worse was that a petty officer of the ship, who was one of the three men left aboard, and in whom shipwreck seemed to have induced a certain confusion of mind, would insist, in the most leisurely and deliberate manner, in letting down an apparently endless coil of rope into our boat. In vain did we abjure him, in the most vigorous and appropriate language that we could command, to leave his rope and come down. He forcibly refused, and, as we could not abandon him, we had to submit and take our chance. At length he condescended to follow the rope. We got him and his companions ashore, and started again, and very thankful we were when, an hour and a half afterwards, we found ourselves on the mainland. The last, and one of the most painful sights that we saw, in connection with the unlucky

Copeland, was that of a pony, whose leg had been broken as it was thrown overboard, standing on a rock with the water gradually rising over it. Let us hope that it was soon drowned! And so ended the story of the Copeland, now, doubtless, at the bottom of the sea, together with her freight of ponies. In conclusion, I wish to bear witness—and I am sure all the other passengers will indorse what I say—to the unfailing courtesy and kindness which we met with at the hands of Captain Thompson, to the skill with which he managed the ship during the serious and prolonged gale that we encountered, and to his complete calmness and self-control in the hour of disaster. If a landsman may express an opinion, the loss of the vessel was entirely owing to the density of the fog, on one of the most dangerous coasts of Great Britain, and to the want of fodder, that forced him to press onward to port.

NOTE.—Many years ago, another vessel struck on the same rock. There was a sea on that washed her over the rock, and she foundered with all hands. While we were on Strom, a second steamer—the same, I believe, that had answered our fog-horn—went a hore on the mainland. She got off, however, having injured her bottom; and I do not know what became of her.

Major-General Dunne, commanding the Chatham district, received the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief for a Royal salute of twenty-one guns to be fired from Tilbury Fort on Aug. 8 at noon, in commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Tilbury, on Aug. 8, 1588, for the purpose of reviewing her troops assembled there for the defence of the Kingdom, in the event of a Spanish invasion.

"BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS."

The young Fräulein with the luxuriant mass of black hair—she is, perhaps, more likely a native of the Walloon provinces of Belgium than a North German—depicted by M. Von Der Beek in a picture at Düsseldorf, which is reproduced in our Engraving, has her friends, and will have more ardent admirers when she grows a few years older. It is her birthday—you may guess the thirteenth—and her friends, or the members of her own family, have presented her with a collection of fine fruit, amidst which, piled on the dish that she has lifted with both hands, lies a paper with German writing addressed to herself, containing an expression, in prose or verse, of their affectionate good wishes, and their fond hopes, which we trust may be realised, for the happiness of her future life. Sympathy with the bright visions of imaginative youth will be denied by no kindly-disposed observer; and the indications of an amiable character in this maiden's face allow us to think that she will, if rightly guided, confirm in advancing womanhood the best anticipations of those who feel most concerned in her welfare.

The report of the Select Committee on Town Holdings has been issued. The report recommends the reappointment of the Committee next Session, for the purpose of taking further evidence.

At a meeting of the council of the Royal Academy it has been unanimously agreed that a principal feature of the next winter exhibition at Burlington House shall consist of a representative selection of the works of the late Mr. Frank Holl, R.A.



WORKS OF THE ALUMINIUM COMPANY (LIMITED), AT OLDBURY, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

THE MANUFACTURE OF ALUMINIUM.

The usefulness of this metal, if a large supply of it could have been procured at a reasonable cost, has long been recognised. It has great strength and ductility, weighs only a third of the weight of iron or steel, and does not rust. As an alloy with other metals, it serves to impart tenacity and malleability to them, and has been thus used to some extent. There was a demand for it, but the supply, chiefly in France by the Deville process, has been very small. The problem of its economic production has been solved by the ingenuity of Mr. H. Y. Castner, who is an American, about thirty years of age. At the School of Mines, Columbia College, under the special guidance of Professor C. T. Chandler, he pursued a course in chemistry from 1875 to 1878. During the next four years, he practised as a public analyst in New York; but in 1882, having erected one of the finest laboratories in that city, he gave up active business, and devoted his time exclusively to the study of aluminium, and the methods of producing it. In the early part of 1886, having invented the now celebrated sodium process, Mr. Castner came to England, and erected a small experimental plant in London. This having proved successful, the "Aluminium Company (Limited)" was founded last year, and Mr. Castner was appointed managing director. The works have been established at Oldbury, near Birmingham, for the manufacture both of aluminium and sodium on a large commercial scale. On Saturday, July 28, they were visited by a distinguished party of scientific men, among whom were Sir Henry Roscoe, Sir Frederick Abel, Lord Rayleigh, Professor C. Roberts-Austen of the Mint, Dr. Crookes, Professor Dewar, and Professor Huntingdon, with practical manufacturers and other business men. The works occupy an area of almost five acres, and have a capacity of producing 1500 lb. of sodium and 6000 lb. of double chloride, daily, which will allow of an output of 5 cwt. to 6 cwt. of aluminium per day. The visitors expressed their surprise and admiration at the magnitude of the operations, and the entire novelty both of the processes and of the various appliances employed to carry them into effect. Mr. Castner received the highest compliments on the evident care and thought

bestowed on every detail; and the directors, who were present during the visit, were congratulated on the apparent success of the undertaking, and the possession of what must be considered one of the finest chemical works in the country. It is impossible to foretell the future of this most interesting metal, which is daily becoming more known and sought after. The Oldbury works are the first and only establishment of the kind in the world at the present time; but there is little doubt that others will quickly be erected on the same plans, to carry on the company's processes, now that their success is assured.

The works, of which we give a few illustrations, are divided into four departments—namely, (1) the manufacture of sodium under the Castner patents; (2) the manufacture of chlorine by the Weldon process; (3) the manufacture of the double chloride of aluminium and sodium by the Castner process; and (4) the reduction of the double chloride by sodium. The plant for the production of sodium consists of twenty furnaces, of large size, each capable of producing 50 lb. to 75 lb. of sodium per day, which is just about twenty times as much as the total quantity of sodium hitherto produced in this country. The materials employed are caustic soda and carbide of iron, which are melted at a temperature of about 800 deg. Centigrade for about an hour and a half, during which time the sodium is distilled into small iron condensers, whence it is cast into blocks of about 2 lb. each. About 6 lb. of caustic soda and 5 lb. of carbide are used per pound of sodium produced. In the next section of the works is the manufacture of the double chloride of aluminium, by the process of passing chlorine gas over a mixture of alumina and charcoal in large retorts of special construction, heated to a high temperature, the resulting chloride being distilled and caught in condensers at the back of the retorts. The Aluminium Company receive from the adjacent alkali works of Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, an ample supply of muriatic acid, which is employed in the manufacture of chlorine, and return to the Messrs. Chance, in exchange, the residual carbonate of soda, which is utilised by Messrs. Chance in their special industry. Thus in both cases the residual and otherwise waste products become the valuable

raw materials of subsequent manufactures. There are sixty retorts for the production of the double chloride, which have a united capacity of about 6000 lb. per day. The double chloride contains about 12 per cent of aluminium, and under treatment with sodium yields about 10 per cent of that quantity. There are two special designs of furnaces for producing aluminium; and the company are at present using both, pending the determination by experiment of the one best suited for the purpose. They differ mainly in the mode of taking off the aluminium. Into each of these furnaces the charge introduced consists of 80 lb. of chloride, 25 lb. of sodium, and 30 lb. of cryolite, which answers as a flux. This charge, after being reduced for about two hours at a temperature of about 1000 deg. Centigrade, gives about 8 lb. of aluminium, which is within 2 per cent of being absolutely pure. The total production of aluminium is expected to reach about 500 lb. per day, while the production of sodium will be about 1500 lb. daily. It is in respect of the latter product that the Castner process claims its chief economy. Hitherto sodium has cost about 6s. per lb., whereas the Castner process enables it to be produced at 9d.; this means that in the production of a pound of aluminium the cost of the sodium required has been reduced from 18s. to 2s. 3d. The essential feature of the Castner sodium process is that a temperature of about 800 deg. Centigrade and steel vessels are employed, instead of a temperature of about 1500 deg. Centigrade and a small wrought-iron tube in the old process. A great saving of wear and tear and of materials is the result. Although the Castner process reduces the cost of the metal from between 40s. and 45s. to about 15s. or less per lb.—or, in other words, from £4500 or £5000 to about £1680 or less per ton—these prices are still high; but aluminium is likely to displace some of the existing alloys used in engineering and manufacturing operations generally. There is also a large field for its use in a variety of minor ways; so that this newest British manufacturing enterprise has prospects of much commercial importance.

An excellent "Miniature Cyclopædia," compiled by Mr. W. L. Clowes, has been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. It contains information upon almost every subject.





"IT MAY BE FOR YEARS."

FROM A PAINTING BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

"IT MAY BE FOR YEARS!"

A parting of lovers has evidently preceded this scene of pathetic loneliness on the seashore, where she who has been left, while he is sailing far away, still gazes in the direction of the vessel that has disappeared out of her sight. Only the faithful dog remains with her—a dumb but sympathising witness of her sorrow. The occasion, indeed, is frequent enough in the common experience of mankind—including so many sad farewells to departing friends, and separations of parents and children, brothers and sisters, not less than of man and woman pledged to a mutual affection, which to young people—especially to girls—may seem the main concern of their lives. It is apt to recall that mournful line of a beautiful song, in which the Irish lover of "Mavourneen" says to Kathleen, his darling—

This day we must part—
It may be for years—or it may be for ever—

words very touching, as every human heart must feel, and rendered more so by the music to which they are sung. This depressing sentiment, with a throng of tender recollections of the past, will haunt the young lady's mind as she turns from the sad seabeach to walk home. But the purpose of constancy may bring her some consolation.

Lord St. Oswald has remitted 20 per cent of the rent to his tenants, and the Earl of Yarborough and the Earl of Zetland have made a reduction of 15 per cent.

A human skeleton, which was buried in the second century of the Christian era, has been discovered in one of the chalk pits on Portsdown-hill. The bones were in a good state of preservation and the teeth intact. In the left hand were twenty-two Roman coins. The skeleton, which was six feet in length, was found a few feet beneath the surface.

JELLY-FISHES.

A lovely morning this in Oban Bay. The smooth surface of the sea is literally without a ripple to mark the course of the wind. Yachts lie to right of one, and to left as well; and a white-winged schooner is endeavouring in vain to clear the Tail of Kerrera, by way of making tracks for Mull or Morven, whose purple hills loom on the near horizon. Steam is the only solace on this August day, and the boats which are wont to flit to and fro on the blue waters of the bay are imitating the "painted ships" of the "Ancient Mariner" in their stillness and quiescence. Yet the sea invites one by its very calmness; and so I hie forth to the beach, where an obliging Gael offers to row me round the bay for a small consideration of a pecuniary nature. I close with the Highlandman's offer, and in a few moments I am being rowed past the yachts, and out in the fair gulf around the shores of which nestles the fair

town of Oban. To-day the water is as clear as crystal. As we float leisurely along, crowds of jelly-fishes pass our craft. Last night I noted hundreds of these lovely but frail beings stranded and done to death on the beach. It seemed as though the shore were strewn with scores of crystal plates, so marvellously clear were their bells, until the inevitable process of decay set in. But in the sea to-day you behold them in all the beauty of loveliness. Here is a clear, glassy bell, half a foot or more in diameter, tinted with hues which imitate the choicest shades of the rainbow in their iridescence. Watch its movements, and learn therefrom something of the manner in which lower life lives out its appointed end. It pulsates with life; and forces its way gently, yet strongly, through the yielding waters. The top of the bell is marked by four pink canals, while round its margin you can see the delicate tentacles or "feelers" which exercise the sense of touch. The bell first spreads itself to its full dimensions; then, in a second pulsation, it contracts its disc to half its former extent, and in this way propels itself through the sea. For your jelly-fish is really an hydraulic engine in its way. Water is drawn into the bell when it expands; then, by the sharp contraction of the body, the water is expelled, and the jelly-fish sails along by aid of this alternate expansion and narrowing of its bulk.

There is more in jelly-fish philosophy than meets the eye. True, the same remark holds good of wellnigh every other living structure. But you may look through and through the jelly-fish and yet, from a scientific standpoint, fail to understand it, unless you are armed mentally with a modest modicum of science-lore and of anatomical wisdom. The jelly-fish is a "bell," it is true; and the "clapper" or tongue of the bell is represented by the prolongation at the extremity of which we find the animal's mouth. As to its food, we may assume that into this central mouth are drawn myriads of the floating specks of the ocean, which illustrate in the course of their fate Dean Swift's lines about the little fleas that are preyed upon by "lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*." Indeed, in some jelly-fishes there exist special means for paralysing the prey on which they subsist. In certain species, when you touch the bell, the mouth on its stalk moves over to indicate the part touched, as unerringly as the telegraph-needle obeys the behest of the operator. At the mouth in such cases, we find a stinging apparatus; so that when food is swept into the "bell," the central mouth with its stings can swoop down upon the particles, and, by paralysing them, place them at the mercy of the jelly-fish. The whole tribe of jelly-fishes "sting," it is true; but in these parts, it is only your tawny-coloured species, with their tentacles in festoons, that can pierce the epidermis, and make the human organism to smart and wince. A jelly-fish "sting" is, in its way, a perfect triumph of natural ingenuity. It consists of a microscopic bag or sac filled with fluid, and containing a minute thread or filament. Under the slightest pressure, this bag ruptures and bursts; the thread is thrown out on to the offending body, and the fluid at the same time escapes. There is little doubt that these "thread-cells," as they are named, constitute a veritable poison-apparatus. The thread is the dart or sting, and the fluid is the poison; and thus it comes about that the tender-skinned bather, with hundreds of these darts playing upon his epidermis, rises from the waves a sore and aching, and blistered mortal.

That there are jelly-fishes and jelly-fishes, however, is a very trite axiom of natural history science. Most of those clear glassy bells which you see floating in myriads past the boat are, in one sense, not true jelly-fishes at all. They are masquerading in the guise of jelly-fishes, and can only claim the title by courtesy. Their history is peculiar enough in its way. Let us try to unravel it as best we can. Growing on oyster-shells and on rocks and tangle, you find the curious animals which are known familiarly to everybody as "zoophytes." They grow rooted and fixed; they increase by budding; and their stems and branches often recall to mind the fir-trees of the forest. By-and-by, in the history of the plant-like zoophyte, you find its developmental epoch to set in. You see growing on the branches "buds" which are unlike those of the colony. Watch them carefully, and in due time you may note that these "buds" grow into the likeness of jelly-fishes. Then arrives the further stage of their history. Breaking contact with its plant-like parent, each jelly-fish bud detaches itself, and swims freely as an independent being in the sea. It is kith and kin to the zoophyte, but in the free-swimming glassy bells, that exist by hundreds in Oban Bay this morning, you could recognise no kinship with the plant-like growth of the oyster-shell. Yet, wait and watch. Sooner or later the free, floating jelly-fish bud will produce eggs. You can see the eggs developed in the specimens that float past our boat, looking like great brown masses depending beneath the jelly-fish frame. From each egg, in due season, there comes forth a little oval living speck, which, at first, swims as freely in the sea as did its parent. Then, after sundry changes of form, it settles down, and from its simple body is developed a single animal which we recognise as one of the zoophyte buds of the oyster-shell. By-and-by the process of budding begins. One bud produces another, and, as all remain connected, we find in due time the tree-like zoophyte to be produced. Thus, you observe, your zoophyte on the oyster-shell gives origin to a jelly-fish bud, which, in its own turn, develops eggs, each of the latter becoming a zoophyte again.

Yet the whole process is only one of complicated development, after all. Our jelly-fishes are only free floating buds of a parent stem. They are not independent animals, but are linked to the parent zoophyte by those mystic ties of blood relationship which make up not a small part of even human connections themselves. There are jelly-fishes also, one must admit, which have no such connection with the plant-like zoophytes; but of these we need not speak to-day. Suffice it that you have learned to read aright at least one sentence in the fair volume of Nature that is spread out before your view in Oban Bay. When the sun goes down over the hills of Mull, and Morven grows purple under its setting rays, our jelly-fishes will vanish away into the depths, to be recalled therefrom by to-morrow's light. Perchance this chat about jelly-fishes may resemble the features of the landscape, in that after to-day you may for a while forget these plain teachings of science, but may revive them in some mental to-morrow for profit and pleasure.

ANDREW WILSON.

The Long Vacation began on Aug. 13, and the first sitting in court took place on the 15th, before Mr. Justice Denman, in Chancery Court II. The courts and the Central Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice will not be open to the public during the vacation.

Memorial windows to General Gordon, hero of Khartoum, to the officers and men of the Royal Engineers who were killed or died from their wounds or disease in the Egyptian and Soudan Campaigns of 1881 to 1885, and to the officers who served and were killed in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, were unveiled, on Aug. 9, in Rochester Cathedral, by General Viscount Wolseley, in the presence of a crowded congregation of the principal officers and ladies of the garrison, all the local clergy, the élite of the district, and a battalion of the Royal Engineers, besides a large body of the general public.

THE LATE GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN, U.S.

The death, on Aug. 5, in Massachusetts, of General Philip Henry Sheridan, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, has removed the last of the eminently distinguished military officers who won important victories in the great Civil War of America from 1861 to 1865. He was born at Somerset, Ohio, in 1831, and was educated at the West Point Military Academy on the Hudson; in 1853, he entered the active service, and was six years on the Indian frontier stations in Washington Territory and Oregon, where he behaved with much gallantry in a conflict with the hostile Indians at the Cascades, in April, 1856. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Sheridan was appointed first a Captain of the 13th Infantry, but in May, 1862, obtained the commission of Colonel of the 2nd Michigan Cavalry, with which he performed brilliant actions at Booneville, and was made a Brigadier-General of Cavalry. In the autumn of that year, he received command of the 11th Division of the Army of the Ohio, under General Buell. At the battle of Perryville, near Louisville, on Oct. 8, he manoeuvred his division with skill and effect; and at that of Murfreesborough, holding the most essential point in the action, he withstood four desperate assaults, showing great tactical skill as well as bravery. Sheridan was then promoted to the rank of Major-General; but little that is notable was achieved by him in the field until September, 1863, when, at the battle of Chickamauga, his division successfully maintained a perilous position. In capturing the Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga, on Nov. 25, he was foremost to attack, and most persistent in the pursuit of the enemy. When General Grant, in March, 1864, began the campaign of Virginia, he chose Sheridan for Commander of the Cavalry Corps, with which he performed great services; covering the front and flanks of the army during the long "Battle of the Wilderness," cutting off the enemy's communications with Richmond, and destroying the railroads and the stores of the enemy, in a series of bold excursions, with frequent skirmishes. In August he was put in command of the Federal troops in the "Middle Department," West Virginia, Washington, and the Susquehanna. He defeated the Confederate army of General Early, and drove it, with two severe battles, up the Shenandoah Valley,



THE LATE UNITED STATES GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

which he devastated and made untenable for the enemy. By these measures, harsh as they seemed, Maryland and Pennsylvania were relieved from fear of invasion, while Grant obtained free use of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Sheridan, on Oct. 19, engaged the enemy's forces at Cedar Creek, and won a great victory, decisive of that campaign, capturing twenty-four guns, with many waggons and quantities of stores. He was further promoted for this achievement. In 1865, he again swept up the Shenandoah Valley, completing his work there, and wiping out the Southern army; joined General Grant, and took an important part in all the main operations of the Virginia Campaign, routing Pickett's and Johnson's forces at Five Forks, by which General Lee was compelled to abandon Petersburg and Richmond. He afterwards conducted the pursuit of General Lee, capturing guns, waggons, and thousands of prisoners, till the final surrender of Lee, on April 9, at the village of Appomattox. When the Civil War was ended, General Sheridan was appointed to command the Fifth Military District, Louisiana and Texas, from which he was removed to that of Missouri, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. He visited Europe in 1870, and was spectator of some of the great German victories in France. In March, 1884, he succeeded General Sherman in the office of Commander-in-Chief. Sheridan was undoubtedly one of the best of American soldiers, and perhaps as good a soldier as any in Europe.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of the *New York Herald* for enabling us to publish the Portrait of General Sheridan which appears this week.

Her Majesty in Council has approved of the granting of a charter of incorporation for the town of Chelmsford. It will come into operation on Sept. 7.

About 4000 Volunteers assembled in London on Aug. 11, in compliance with orders issued from the War Office on Aug. 10, and left for Aldershot. A match between teams representing the South London Rifle Club and the Berks Rifle Association was shot on Aug. 11 at Churn, on the Berkshire Downs, one of the proposed sites for the New Wimbledon. Lord Wantage was present. The total scores were—Berkshire, 1036; South London, 1021. Berkshire, therefore, repeated the victory which they obtained a few weeks since over the North London Rifle Club on the same range.—The Queen has approved of the 4th, 6th, 7th, 16th, 20th, and 22nd Lancashire Rifle Volunteers bearing in future the designation of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th (Ardwick), and 6th Volunteer Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. Four of the battalions have their head-quarters in the city, and the two others belong to Ashton and Oldham.

THE FLOODS.

One of the most inclement summer months that England has ever experienced was the July of this year, 1888. From the beginning of the month until its close there was an almost entire absence of real summer weather, and it ended with frequent and remarkably heavy falls of rain and severe local thunderstorms. The south and south-east of England suffered more from cold and wet than either North Britain or the Atlantic coast of Ireland. Finally, on July 30 and July 31, and Aug. 1, the neighbourhood of London and the Home Counties were visited by heavy storms, with thunder, and for hours, on each occasion, with a copious and continuous downpour of rain. In the eastern suburbs of London—in Poplar, the Isle of Dogs, and Canning Town, near the Victoria Docks—the poor inhabitants suffered great misery, and many of the very poorest lost everything in the floods. When the storm burst, the sewage rapidly rushed up through the drains into the dwellings to a depth in some cases of over six feet. There was no time to save anything; bedding, furniture, food, and clothing were in a few moments floating about in a sea of filthy sewage matter, and were utterly spoilt. The subsidence of the flood also left in their homes a horrible black evil-smelling deposit. Along the river Thames by the Essex marshes, at Barking, about Dagenham, and in the Rainham and Purfleet districts, on the way to Tilbury, the land was flooded, sheep and cattle were drowned, and vast quantities of hay and other crops were destroyed. On the main high road from Stratford through Essex, and along the Colchester line of the Great Eastern Railway, there were inundations occasioned by torrents of storm-water that rushed down the hillside from Woodford into the low-lying valley of the Thames, between Ilford and Chadwell-heath. The street of Romford was six feet under water. The railway was four feet under water, so that for some hours through-traffic on the main line was suspended, and passengers had to proceed by circuitous routes to their destinations. The stoppage of traffic was a source of great inconvenience to business men who daily travel from the eastern suburbs to the city. Extensive damage was also done to property around Enfield by the floods. Several bridges were washed away and traffic in the district was stopped. In St. Mary's Church, Ilford, the water was several feet deep up to the altar steps. The storm had done much damage in West Kent. At Erith, the railway embankment gave way, and threw the last train from London off the metals. Fortunately, no one was injured, beyond receiving a shaking; but traffic was stopped on the North Kent line and on the South-Eastern Railway. The local accounts of disaster are too numerous for repetition.

THE GOLD MINE IN WALES.

The discovery, by Mr. W. Pritchard Morgan, of gold-bearing quartz on his estate of Bryntirion, in the valley of the Mawdach, not far from Dolgelly, in Merionethshire, excited public curiosity last year; we then gave some account of it, with views of the place, heretofore known as Gwynfynnid, and of the external appearance of his workings at the new gold-mine. These were published in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 17, 1887. Our Artist, who recently visited the "Mount Morgan" mine, to inspect and delineate what is to be seen of its operations, which have made considerable progress, furnishes sketches of the gold-quartz crushing-mill, now in perfect working order. It is situated within a hundred yards of the Mawdach falls, having the advantage of an incessant water supply. The building is of a singular aspect, its several floors rising behind each other like terraces or steps. The ground floor is occupied by the various "ripples"; the second floor, by the stamps and the feeding arrangements; and the third or top floor by the crusher, with the quartz as it is brought from the mine.

The "crusher" is a machine for reducing the blocks of quartz to a certain size, to enable the stamps to work them. There is a sort of fascination in watching this monster mouth crunching great blocks of stone bigger than a man's head. They are reduced by the crusher to something about the size of the fist. We forget exactly how much this hungry monster swallows in the course of the week. The next operation is simply that of feeding the battery of stamps; a boy with a wheelbarrow can keep fifteen stamps going. These continue pounding away until the quartz is reduced to a pulp. Water is constantly pouring in; and, as the pulp gets washed away, it flows down over a series of steps, or "ripples": on each ripple is laid a sheet of copper coated with mercury. At any minute, specks of gold become amalgamated with the mercury; and when the ripples, instead of looking smooth, appear granulated, it is time to scrape the amalgam to one side, preparatory to removing it to the retort.

In order that the least possible amount of gold may be lost, it is after being first pounded up in the battery, inclosed with mercurialised plates, that the pulp is allowed to pass over the ripples. Thence it flows on to a large gutta-percha band, or belt, which is kept revolving over rollers in a direction against the flow of the pulp from the ripples, and is thus made to deposit any small grains that may have escaped the mercury in the centre of the band. The pulp further passes over an inclined plane of copper, likewise mercurialised; and, lastly, it runs over blanket ripples, which retain the smaller specks of gold. Parts of this apparatus, with the gutta-percha revolving band, are shown in our illustration of the interior of the mill on the ground floor.

The "Britten" pans are used for the richest ore. The ore, in this instance, has first to be pounded up by hand, and then to be ground up in the pans, by large pestles.

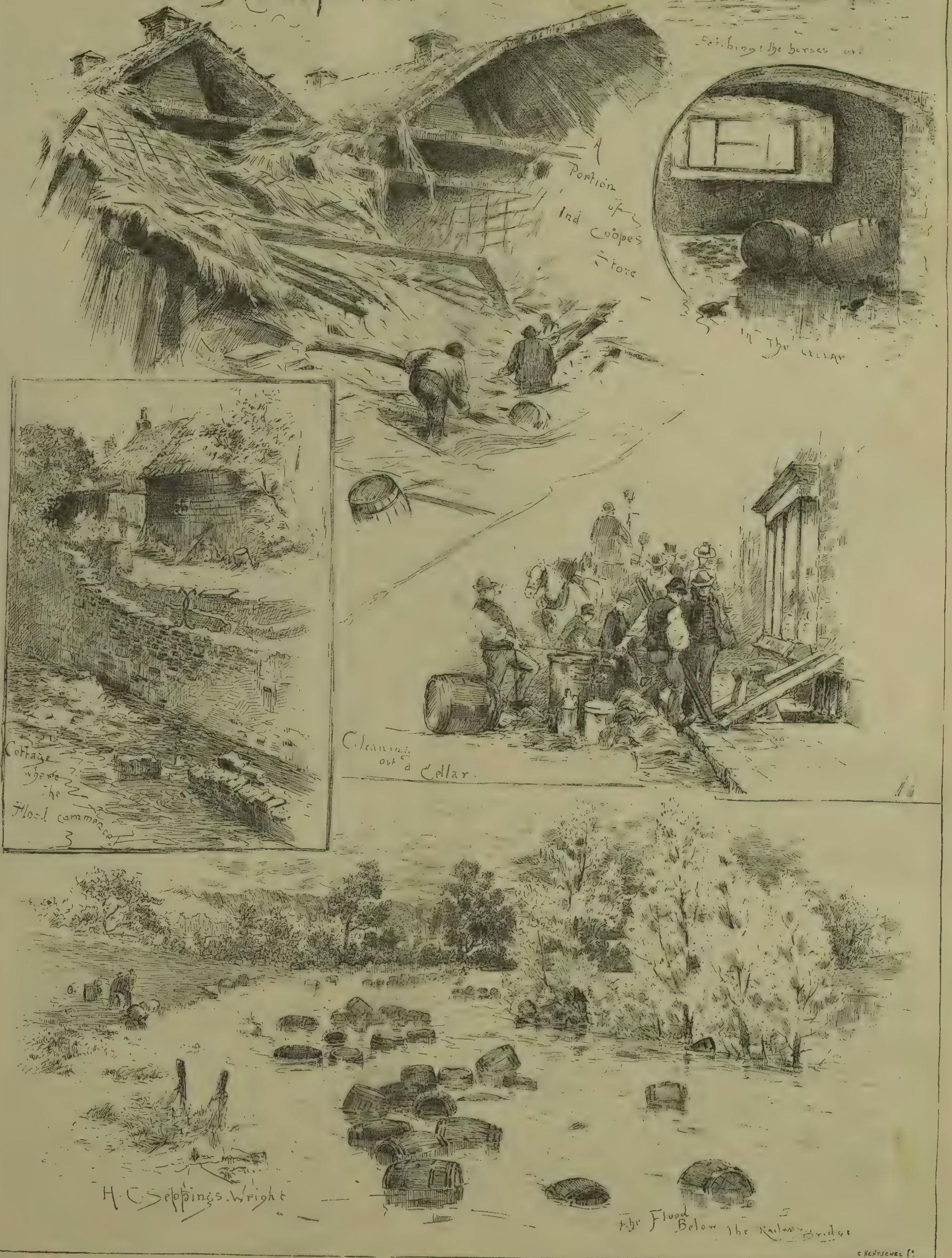
On Saturdays, the whole of the amalgam is gathered off the plates, and is taken to the retort. The processes here were explained by Mr. Crookes, the assayer. The amalgam is first put into a cloth, very like an ordinary pudding-cloth, and is then squeezed or wrung, so that a great portion of the mercury escapes through the cloth. This process is continued, until nearly all the mercury is got out; the amalgam then becomes quite solid, and is put into the retort, where what mercury remains is distilled away from the gold.

On opening the retort a heavy yellow substance like sponge is seen. This, when cooled, has to be broken up and smelted in a crucible. It is afterwards poured into a mould and left to cool. Our Artist was permitted to cast one, which weighed nearly 4 lb., being the result of one and a half tons of quartz. The most beautiful feature in the casting was the lovely liquid emerald colour which the gold presented whilst cooling. Our Artist's Sketches show the processes of retorting and squeezing the amalgam.

The gold is weighed by the Government Inspector, Mr. Bowen, as the question of royalty has not yet been decided; but we understand that Government intends to treat this question in a liberal spirit, considering the public advantage of supporting a new industry.

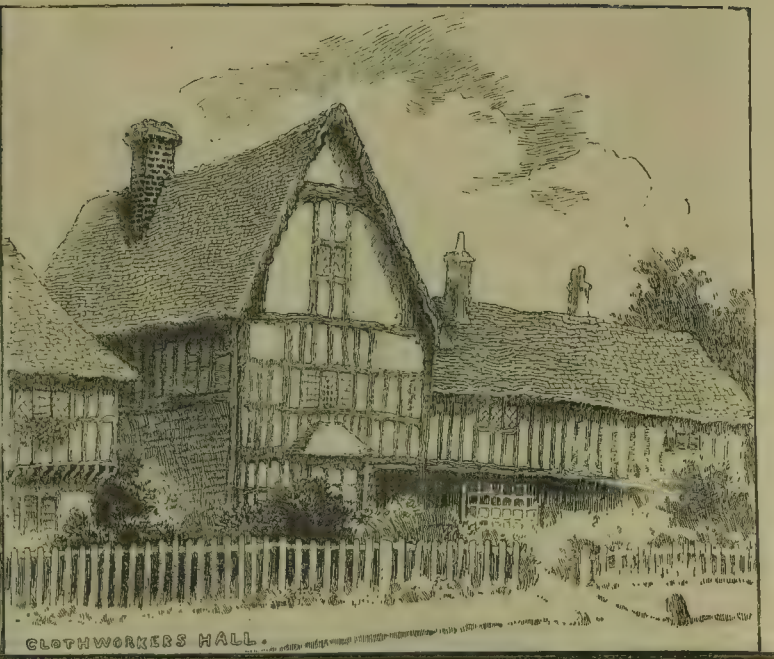
Prospecting parties are out in all directions, and one constantly hears of new discoveries. There is quite sufficient "colour" in various parts of Wales to encourage the hopes of the gold-seekers, and we may soon hear of fresh results in that part of Great Britain.

AFTER The Flood Romford





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THE WINDMILL



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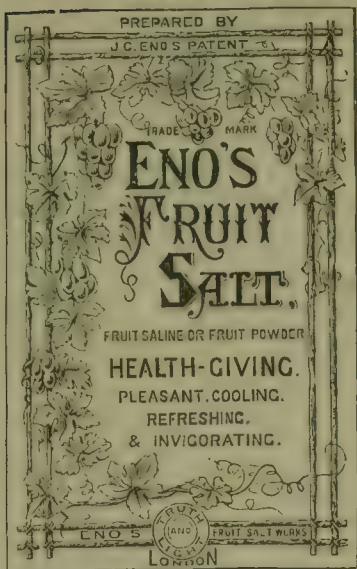
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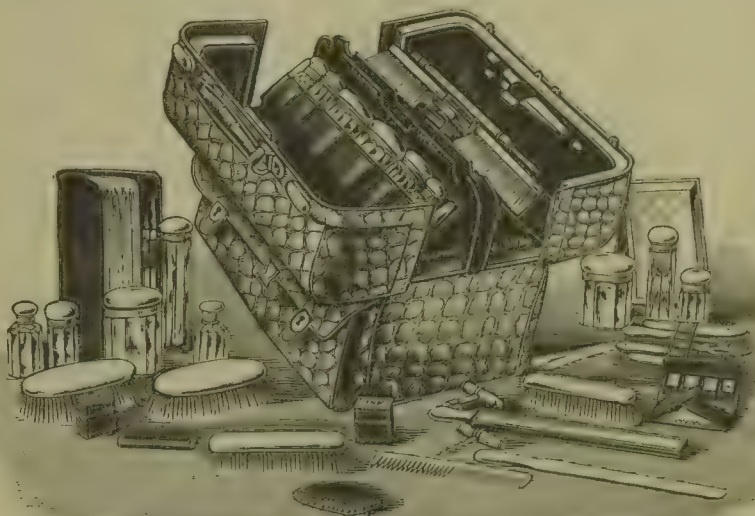


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Gold Crystal Glass Cases, £12 12s. Lady's Size £10 10s.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"After the Play," and "We'll keep the Old Grey Mare, John," are songs by J. L. Molloy. The first appears to promise a touch of quaint humour, but in reality discloses a pathetic little episode of real life in the last parting of two affectionate hearts. The several phases of sentiment are well reflected in some changes of the musical rhythm. The other song above named is replete with quaint homely sentiment, and also has some effective rhythmical changes. "The Old Wherry," song by A. H. Behrend, is flowingly melodious, in waltz rhythm, with effective alternations of the minor and major modes. "Daydawn," by Florence Aylward, is a setting of lines adapted by Alice K. Sawyer from Victor Hugo. The sentimental tone of the verses is well reflected in the music, which is tuneful in its vocal melody and includes an effective accompaniment, partly of a cantabile kind, and partly consisting of broken chords. "Among the Passion-Flowers" is a setting of some pleasing lines from the practised pen of Mr. F. E. Weatherly, whose verses are always smoothly written, and lend themselves readily to musical treatment. This the lines in question have received from Mr. F. L. Moir, who has associated them with a melody of simple yet pleasing character, well fitted for vocal expression, and (like the songs previously referred to) lying within a moderate compass of voice. All the publications above referred to are from the firm of Boosey and Co., who also issue a very bright and spirited "Danse Humoresque," by Frances Allitsen, for the pianoforte. It is one of the pieces that have lately been played by the string band of the Royal Artillery. The same publishers have issued the 108th number of their popular series of the "Cavendish Music Books," containing eight modern pianoforte pieces (constituting the eighth "Pianoforte Album"). These publications—issued at one shilling per number—are well engraved and printed, on good paper, full music size.

"April" ("Chanson d'Avril") is a setting, by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, of lines by Remy Belleau, the original of which is given, together with an English version by William Hardinge. Mr. Thomas's music is both piquant and graceful; there is just an indication of French style suitable to the original text, while yet not being at variance with the translated version. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Time will Show," a very characteristic duet, the words by Marion Chappell, the music by J. M. Coward. The musical setting (for a mezzo-soprano and a baritone) is very effective, the alternate queries and replies between the two voices, and their occasional association, affording good contrasts. "Our Volunteers" (also from Messrs. Metzler and Co.) is a march, for the pianoforte, on the song composed and dedicated to the Queen by Lady Arthur Hill. It is a spirited piece in genuine martial style, and has been played with great effect by various military and volunteer bands. The same publishers have just issued "The Rose Queen" waltz, produced with such success at the recent opening Promenade Concert at Covent-Garden Theatre. The composer, Mr. A. Gwyllm Crowe, has judiciously arranged it so that it can be used merely as a pianoforte solo, or with voices to the text which is given. The titlepage comprises a very pretty chromo-lithograph of a group of graceful children in picturesque costumes.

"The Borderers" is a song by C. H. Lloyd, to some stirring words by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, in which a plundering excursion is announced in vigorous lines. Mr. Lloyd's music accords well with its subject, and affords good opportunities for effective vocal declamation, a well-written figurative accompaniment being an important feature. The song is published by Mr. Joseph Williams, of Berners-street; from whom we have also "A Lover's Lay"—a song by H. T. Tiltman, in which there are some striking phrases, chiefly of a declamatory kind, several changes of tempo and rhythm giving a welcome variety. Mr. Williams also sends some instrumental pieces. A "Gavotte" for violin and piano, by Benjamin Godard, has much of the

quaint character of the old dance-form implied by the title, and is so easy as to be within the reach of most amateurs. Other pieces in an antiquated dance form are a "Gigue" and a "Bourrée" for piano solo, by W. W. Hedgecock. In these also the antique grace of an old style is well preserved; as is the case with a "Gavotte" by H. T. Tiltman, whose "Air de Ballet" is a pleasing dance piece of a more modern kind.

In London 2228 births and 1476 deaths were registered in the week ending Aug. 11. Allowing for increase of population the births were 454, and the deaths 203, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 51 from measles, 17 from scarlet fever, 25 from diphtheria, 27 from whooping-cough, 6 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 138 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 5 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea, and not one from smallpox or typhus. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 160 and 167 in the two preceding weeks, further rose to 183. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths; 50 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 12 from drowning, and 9 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered.

The Lords of the Committee of Council for Agriculture have awarded the following sums out of the £5000 granted by the Government for the present financial year in aid of agricultural and dairy schools:—The Cheshire County Dairy School, £150; Aspatria (Agricultural) School, £250; Edinburgh University, £300; Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College, £200; Kirkcudbright Dairy Association, £70; Ayrshire Dairy Association, £125; Wigtownshire Dairy Association, £101 10s.; and to Dumfriesshire Dairy Association, £28 10s.—The applications from the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture, Suffolk Dairy Institute, Sussex Association, British Dairy Farmers' Association, Darlington Chamber of Agriculture, Leicester Dairy Company, Ludlow Grammar School, Aberdeenshire Association, Forfarshire and Kincardineshire Dairy School, and Kilmarnock Dairy School were deferred for further consideration.

The first match in the Canterbury cricket week finished on Aug. 8 in a victory of the Australians over Kent by eighty-one runs.—Surrey won the match with Notts at the Oval by seventy-eight runs; Middlesex defeated Yorkshire at Sheffield by six wickets, and Gloucestershire won the match with Sussex at Clifton by seven wickets.—At Canterbury, on the 10th, Kent beat Lancashire by six wickets.—At Kennington Oval, on the 11th, the Surrey cricket team followed up an unexampled score completed on the previous day by bowling down the Sussex wickets in the second innings for a total of ninety-nine, thus securing a victory by an innings and 485 runs.—At Clifton the Australians were beaten by Gloucestershire by 257 runs; Middlesex defeated Derbyshire at Derby by seven wickets, and at Lord's, Somerset beat the M.C.C. by five wickets.—The match at the Oval on the 14th ended in a victory for England over Australia by an innings and 137 runs.—Sussex defeated Lancashire, at Brighton, by nine wickets; and at Derby Yorkshire were beaten by Derbyshire by seven wickets.

BIRTHS.

On Aug. 7, at 20, Kildare-terrace, Bayswater, W., Kathleen, the wife of Francis Edward Paynter, Esq., of a daughter.

On Aug. 12, at 45, Chester-square, Mrs. Dodsworth, of a son.

DEATH.

On June 28, at Myingyan, Burmah, by drowning, Lieutenant James Ireland Henderson, Adjutant 10th Madras Infantry, eldest son of the late Colonel J. R. S. Henderson, M.S.C. Deeply regretted by his brother officers and all who knew him.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: HEADCORN.

In the centre of the agricultural districts of Mid Kent, on the railway from Tunbridge to Ashford, and ten miles from Maidstone to the south-east—in a fair country of meadows, cornfields, and woodlands, and with purple hills in the distance, over which sunlight and shadow pass alternately in the momentary changes of a breezy summer day—lies the pleasant rural village of Headcorn, a thriving place with a growing population, yet with picturesque features of antiquity noted by the rambling Artist. His sketches of the Old George Inn, which was probably the first object of his quest—since a long walk had lawfully entitled him to a glass of ale and a moderate luncheon—of the Old Church, built by one of the Colepepers in the reign of Edward IV., in the churchyard of which is a venerable old oak, with its trunk 40 ft. in girth, and with its boughs half withered—and of the Old Hall, some time belonging to the Clothworkers' Company of London—testify that centuries have spared Headcorn some characteristic architectural relics of the olden time. Headcorn history, if we had leisure to study it, would no doubt present facts worthy of note, though but a small number of our readers, not being men of Kent, or travellers on the South Eastern line, have probably ever heard the name of the village, except as a railway station. It thrives, nevertheless, and makes good malt, we believe, with native hops grown thereabouts to complete the preparation of its beer; and the two-peaked "oast-houses," which are seen in many other Kentish villages, are a sign of promise to those who like a sound quality of the good old English drink. Field-paths in the neighbourhood lead to the grassy margin of the rippling Beult, and to Smarden, in one direction, or in another to the rustic hamlet of Mottenden, where stood the famous house of Crutched or Crossed Friars, founded in 1224 by Sir Richard de Rokesley, noted for their performance of miracle plays on Trinity Sunday. In this weald of Kent, in a ramble through Sutton Valence, Boughton Malherbe, and Chart, the memories of ancient life, its manners and customs and institutions, of the Plantagenet, the Norman, and the Saxon periods, are suggested by local names; though it was a great forest, covered with trees and frequented by wild beasts, or by herds of swine near the habitations of men, at the date of the Norman Conquest.

The Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the alleged irregularities in connection with the Metropolitan Board of Works have adjourned *sine die*, having taken all the evidence which was deemed material.

The City and Guilds of London Institute for the advancement of technical education has held its summer examinations, and has published its report of the results. These, on the whole, must be pronounced highly satisfactory.

Nine steamers arrived at Liverpool in the week ending Aug. 11 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 2137 cattle, 1647 sheep, and 6082 quarters of beef.

The Class-list of the higher local examinations, recently held at various centres by the University of Cambridge, was published on Aug. 14. There were 973 candidates, and the success or failure of each is shown by supplementary tables.

The names of the following students of the London School of Medicine for Women appeared in the pass list of the Intermediate Examination in Medicine of the University of London:—Miss Berthon, 1st Division; Miss Dove, 2nd Division; Miss Tribe, 2nd Division; Miss Staley and Miss Pace, excluding physiology. In the Honours List.—Anatomy: Miss Longbottom, 1st Class; Miss Sturge, 2nd Class; Miss Benson, 3rd Class. Physiology and Histology: Miss Benson, 2nd Class; Miss M'Laren, Miss Madgson, and Miss Williams, 3rd Class. Materia Medica and Pharmaceutical Chemistry: Miss Benson, 1st Class; Miss Farrer, 2nd Class; Miss M'Laren, 3rd Class.

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Norway from Leith and Aberdeen, EVERY SATURDAY
during the month of AUGUST, by the magnificent Steam-
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MEDITERRANEAN.—The steam-fleet VICTORIA, 1804
tons register, 1500-horse power, R. D. LUNHAM, Com-
mander, will be dispatched from Tillyard Dock Aug. 30, for 30
days' cruise to the Baltic, and Oct. 15 for six weeks' cruise
to the Mediterranean. The VICTORIA is always on view
between her cruises, has the Electric Light, bells, and all
modern improvements. Apply to Messrs. Stoen, Agents,
Victoria Office, Carlton-chambers, 4, Regent-st., London, S.W.

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SANATORIUM, in one of the finest all-the-year-round
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just within the Southern Temperate Zone; good summer
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AS A SUMMER RESORT.
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Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical
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there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with
every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort
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Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean
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There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in
the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special
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and the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every
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among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border,
on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the
pleasantness of its position to its guests, which make it
to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot
most frequented by travellers in Europe; in short, Monaco
and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is
only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from
Nice.

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The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to
Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours.
Excursions to the Rigi by Mountain Railway, from Arth
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from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages, Safety Brakes.
Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's
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AIX-LES-BAINS.—Grand Hôtel Europe.
One of the most renowned and best conducted in Europe.
Patronised by Royal Family, 300 sunny chambers. Heated
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Theatrical season, May to October; concerts, comedy,
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Orchestra, sixty performers; night fêtes, illuminations, fire-
works, and grand balls. A. VIGIER, Director.BADEN-BADEN.—Hôtel Victoria. First
class. Beautifully situated, nearest the Conversation
House and Frederickbad. Sanitary arrangements perfect.
Accommodation superior. Moderate charges.
F. GROSCHOLZ, Proprietor.DIEPPE.—Hôtel Royal, facing the sea.
Superior first-class house, worthily recommended.
Nearest the sea, the casino, and bathing establishment. Table
d'hôte. Open all the year. LAROSSEUX, Prop.EVIAN - LES - BAINS, Savoy.—Grand
Casino; theatrical representations, operas, concerts,
balls, Grand conversation saloons. Bathing establishment.
Authorised by the State and Academy of Medicine, for gout,
liver affections, &c. BELINARD, Director.GENEVA.—Hôtel and Pension Belle Vue.
Oldest reputation for first-class pension. Middle of large
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Tourists. The Saloon boats make eighteen knots, and have
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Comfortable English and American home, near Dents
and Rigi. Large garden. Extensive views of Alps, lake, and
town. First medical recommendations. Pension, from six
francs. JOSEPH KOST, Proprietor.LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and
Lucernerhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added
to the Schweizerhof. Full electric light is supplied in the 500
rooms; no charge for lighting or service. HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.MONT DORE-LES-BAINS, Puy-de-Dôme.
Bathing Establishment recommended for Bronchitis
and Asthma, also for Liver, Spleen, and Gout. There are eight
springs, varying from 59 deg. to 119 deg. Season, June to
September; altitude, 6190 deg.MÜRREN, Switzerland.—Grand Hôtel des
Alpes. Altitude, 1650 yards. One of the most beautiful
spots in Switzerland. This Hotel is just built in stone,
and has all modern improvements and comfort; electric
light in every room. Residence of English Chaplain. Lawn
tennis. Museum. Telephonic communication with the Hôtel
Steinbach, Lauterbrunnen.SWITZERLAND.—The Vitznau - Rigi
Railway, the shortest, cheapest, and most frequented way
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Junction at Kallbad for the Rigi-Schneideck.THUN.—Hôtel Pension Baumgarten, situated
in centre of large park. The only hotel with elevated
position. Splendid views of Lake Thun, and Stockhorn.
Family house; old reputation; moderate charges. BEILICK-SLADLER, Proprietor.COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR LIVER.COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
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FOR HEARTBURN.TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only
thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an
experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most
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MAPLE & CO.

TABLE LINENS.

TABLE LINENS.

During the long-continued depression in trade, many of
the best Irish manufacturers have still kept their most skilful
weavers employed, with the result that stocks have accumu-
lated, till of necessity they must be realised, even at a serious
sacrifice.

TABLE LINENS.—MAPLE and CO. having
been consulted by several manufacturers so situated,
have bought out for cash, on most exceptional terms, an
immense assortment of pure hand-made, soft-finish CLOTHS,
and NAPKINS, which they are now offering at a very large
percentage under value.

TABLE LINENS.—The cases are now being
opened out, and comprise a large variety of CLOTHS
of a substantial character, fit for everyday family use, and
which, being pure flax, will wear well and retain their
natural bloom till the last. The Cloths are mostly of
medium sizes—2 yards by 2½ yards, from 5s. 11d. to better quality,
8s. 11d.; extra quality, 14s. 9d.

TABLE LINENS.

TABLE LINENS.

TABLE LINENS.—Amongst the stocks are
a number of CLOTHS, in both medium and large sizes,
of altogether exceptional quality; in fact, some of the finest
and most beautiful productions of the Irish looms. These
are suitable for best use and special occasions, and should
certainly be seen. The prices will be found but little more
than usually asked for goods of ordinary character.

TABLE LINENS.—Included in the stocks
will also be found a large variety of both CLOTHS and
NAPKINS suitable for use in Hotels, Clubs, Boarding-houses,
&c., and proprietors contemplating renewing these items
should certainly make an early inspection, or write for samples
or quotations. A great saving may be effected by purchasing
at once.

TABLE LINENS.—The Stocks also include
fish Napkins, from 2s. 2d. per dozen; Breakfast ditto, from
4s. 6d. per dozen; Dinner Napkins, all fine flax, from 5s. 11d.
per dozen; extra large French size, 9s. 11d. per dozen. These
goods will be found of remarkably good value, and are sure to
please in use.

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SHEETINGS.

SHEETINGS.

MAPLE and CO.'S Stock of pure-finish and hand-made
Irish, Scotch, and Banbury LINEN SHEETINGS, as well as
plain and twilled COTTON SHEETINGS, is now completely
assorted, and prices are ruling unusually low. Housekeepers
will therefore do well to replenish their stores. Patterns
free. A special quality Cotton Sheets, very strong, at 6s. 8d.
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HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

LINENS.—A Complete Set for £8 13s. 9d.,
consisting of Blankets, Quilts, Table Linen, Sheets, &c.,
suitable for a house of eight rooms.—MAPLE and CO.,
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MAPLE and CO.—OIL PAINTINGS.

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OIL PAINTINGS by Known ARTISTS.

OIL PAINTINGS by Rising ARTISTS.

WATER COLOURS by Known ARTISTS.

WATER COLOURS by Rising ARTISTS.

MAPLE and CO.—Oil Paintings and Water
colours by Known and Rising Artists. These are now
displayed in one of the numerous galleries, and are offered at
purely commercial profits. An inspection is solicited. All
goods marked in plain figures, a system as established fifty
years.

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The Largest and best Collection in the Kingdom. Clocks in
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A handsome Marble Timepiece, with gilt incised lines .. 22 6
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More than 1000 to select from, at prices from 5s. to
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Assortment in England. Many of the Clocks on show are very
beautiful, and suitable for presentation. All are guaranteed.
An inspection invited.

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COMPLIMENTARY AND WEDDING
PRESENTS from One Guinea to £100.

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made in this branch of industry.

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In this Department will be found a superb collection,
gathered from all parts of the world, including Salsburg,
Closmoué, and Kaga. Among European makes will be found
Chantilly, Derby, Doulton, Worcester, Wedgwood, Hungarian,
Dresden and Vienna. Connoisseurs and collectors will find
Vases, &c., of exquisite shape and colour, at prices that will
compare favourably with any other house in the world.
MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-court-road, London; also at Paris
and Smyrna.

MAPLE & CO.
FURNITURE for EXPORTATION.

HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of POUNDS'
worth of manufactured GOODS ready for immediate
delivery. All goods marked in plain figures for net cash—a
system established fifty years.

VISITORS as well as MERCHANTS are
INVITED to inspect the LARGEST FURNISHING
ESTABLISHMENT in the WORLD. Hundreds of thousands
of pounds' worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains,
&c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space,
all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers,
very essential when goods are for exportation to insure safe
delivery. The reputation of half a century.

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Appointment to her Majesty the Queen. The reputa-
tion of half a century. Factories: Beaumont-place, Euston-
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BRIGHTON. Frequent Trains from Victoria and
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S. F. LEONARDS. Return Tickets from London available
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Season Tickets.
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From Victoria, 10 a.m., 5s. 12s. 6d., including Pullman-Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton.
Every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge.
Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
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HASTINGS. From Victoria, 9.55 a.m., London Bridge, 9.55 a.m., New-
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Special Fast Trains every Sunday from London Bridge,
9.25 a.m.; New Cross, 9.30 a.m.; Victoria, 9.25 a.m.; Kensington
(Addison-road), 9.10 a.m.; Clapham Junction, 9.30 a.m.; and
East Croydon, 9.50 a.m.
Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE,

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Weekday as under:—

	Victoria Station.	Station.	Time.
Monday, Aug. 20	11 50 a.m.	11 55 a.m.	11 45 p.m.
Tuesday, "	11 7 3	7 10	6 35 "
Wednesday, "	11 7 20	7 25	6 35 "
Thursday, "	11 7 30	7 35	6 35 "
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FIXED SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.0 p.m., and London
Bridge 8 p.m., every Week-day and Sunday.

PARIS.—London to Paris and back—1st Class, 2nd Class.
Available for Return within one month—£2 17s. 6d. 2s. 1s.

Third Class Return Tickets may also be obtained at 3s. 6d.

A spacious and commodious Station has been constructed
on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein passengers will
find every possible convenience and comfort.

The Brittany, Normandy, Paris, and Rouen, splendid fast
paddle-steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven
and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.

Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car will be run in the Special
Day Tidal Train each way between Victoria and Newhaven.

FOR full particulars, see Time-Book, Tourist

Programme, and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria,
London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following
Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—
General Office, 28, Regent-street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand
Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill;
and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.

(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

FIRST CLASS TRIP ROUND THE ISLE

OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY, AUG. 18. A First Class
Special Fast Train will leave Victoria, 9.30 a.m.; Clapham
Junction, 9.55 a.m.; Portsmouth, 10.15 a.m.; and Southampton,
10.45 a.m., for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning
in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.40 p.m. Fare,
First Class Train and Steamer, 12s. 6d.

Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the
General Enquiry and Booking Office, 28, Regent-street,
Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square,
on and from the preceding Monday.

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GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

SEA-SIDE.

An ACCELERATED and FAST SERVICE of TRAINS is
now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-
on-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, South-
wold, Hainston, and Cromer.

TOURIST.—On FRIDAY and SATURDAY
TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all trains.

A CHEAP DAY TRIP TO THE SEASIDE.—To Clacton-on-
Sea, Walton-on-Naze, and Harwich, daily leaving Liverpool-
street at 9.10 a.m. on Sundays, 8.25 a.m. on Mondays, and 7.50 a.m.
on other days.

For Full Particulars see Bills. Wm. HUNT, General Manager.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOT

BY THE WATERS OF THE WEST.

Her Majesty's approaching visit to Blythswood House adds another link to the long chain of Royal memories woven about Strathclyde. Though little be remembered now of the fact, the cradle of the Stuart race was by the side of those western waters; and the Queen, under the roof of Sir Archibald Campbell, rests within a mile of the early seat of her ancestors. For on the slight rising-ground called the Castle Hill, between Renfrew and the Clyde, stood the ancient home of the High Stewards of Scotland.

Many a Royal visitor, since the days of the iron-crowned Vikings, has sailed upon those swelling reaches of river and firth, and scarcely a province in the land is richer in historic memories than the fair valley of Strathclyde. The Royal Lady of to-day, who is borne in her floating palace between these green river shores and out among the tidal narrows of the islanded Firth below, is but returning to the old pleasure-waters of long-illustrious Kings. Here, in the last days of the hero, nigh six hundred years ago, drifted the bannered galleys of The Bruce. On the north bank of Clyde, at what is now the farm of Castle Hill, below the fortress rock of Dumbarton, stood the residence to which King Robert, his patriot task accomplished, retired to spend the evening of his life. Much gay pipe-music then, songs and pleasant laughter, drifted about silver-reaches as they were visited by the parties from the Court. The King himself may be imagined, grey-bearded and somewhat worn with sickness, but fiery-eyed yet and huge-framed as when he slew De Bohun; sitting with some old friend like The Douglas in his galley's stern, as, with trailing draperies and rhythmic plash of oars, it sped by silver-sanded bay and bosky islet, and disappeared. The roar of battle, too, alas! and the ring of steel, have more than once been the music brought to these shores by their Royal visitors. Further out along the shores of the Firth, above the shallows of Fairlie it was, that Alexander III., the last of Scotland's Celtic Kings, closed in conflict with the invading hosts of Norway. Dark must have been the foreboding of many a heart for Scotland, as the mists rose on that far-off October morning, and revealed the countless soldiery landing from Haco's fleet there on the beach below. And fierce must have been the conflict when the Scottish host, led by their King, rushed along those hill slopes into battle. Marks of that carnage remain to this day, not, as at Hastings, in the rise of a conquering aristocracy, but, more grimly, in the cairn-tombs of the dead invader.

Other Royal memories, earlier as well as later than these, linger in the valley of the Clyde. Dumbarton, the Celtic Balcutha, old even in Ossian's time, was the capital of the British kingdom of Strathclyde. Between these ownerships was heard there the tramp of the Roman legions, who made it their naval station of Theodosia; and more than once since then has the fate of a kingdom hung upon possession of that fortress-rock. About Rothesay Castle, too, survives many a tale of the Scottish Kings. There Robert III. died of grief upon hearing that his son James, afterwards first of that name, had been taken at sea by the English. And there a curious thing once happened to one of his descendants. On a summer day in 1536, James V. set sail for France to marry a daughter of the Duke of Vendôme. But the nobles who were with him, caring little for the match, took the slight liberty of altering the ship's course during the night; and the surprise and wrath of the King may be imagined when next morning he found himself quietly anchored in Rothesay Bay. The closeness of the Stuart connection with Strathclyde in bygone times even appears in some of the most ancient of the

Royal titles. As heir to the Scottish throne, the Prince of Wales remains to this day Duke of Rothesay and Baron of Renfrew.

The aspect of river and firth, however, has mightily changed since Rothesay was a Royal residence, and Stuart Queens were buried in Paisley Abbey. Instead of the wildfowl which the young Wallace once doubtless shot by the river's edge below Elderslie, there come now up the estuary Atlantic liners of six thousand tons; and where the pipe-music of The Bruce's galleys once floated gaily out upon the water, is to be heard to-day the myriad clinking hammers of the rivetters building new iron steamships in Dumbarton yards. But most signal, perhaps, of the changes that have taken place is the object of the Royal visitor of to-day. The Kings of bygone times came here to make war or to rest from it; their descendant at the present hour comes altogether in the interest of the arts of peace.

And it seems altogether appropriate that, when perhaps the most important part of the Industrial Exhibition to be patronised concerns the problem of women's work, the Royal patron should be of the gentler sex.

There can be little doubt that at the present moment one of the chief social problems regards the employment of women. It is a sad fact, but none the less true, that marriage is every year becoming impossible to a larger number of girls. There are already in the United Kingdom several hundred thousand more women than men. Every year, besides, owing to the growing competition and difficulty of making a livelihood, the number of young men unable to marry is steadily increasing. Every year, therefore, it is becoming necessary for a larger number of women to trust to their own efforts for provision in life. The fear only is that they may choose unwisely in selecting fields for their energies. In most of the callings, such as clerkship, in which they compete with male labour, women, by decreasing the employment of men, are lessening the chances of marriage open to their sex. Such a result is undesirable for political reasons as well as morally, and it is to prevent such misdirection of energy that attention may most profitably be turned. This end may be largely served by the Women's Industry Section of the Glasgow International Exhibition about to be visited by her Majesty. There suggestions are to be had of employments which, remaining distinctly feminine and in no way interfering with male labour, avoid the undesired results pointed out above. There are several employments, it is true, such as that of drapers' assistants, at present filled by men, which seem better fitted for women; but even here the substitution is causing some hardship. Besides such occupations, however, and others, like the teaching of infants' schools, peculiarly within woman's province, there are many, both of the decorative and useful arts, in which female labour may quite safely find a sphere. These arts the Glasgow Exhibition should largely help to make known; and the present Royal visit, happily, is likely to draw increased attention to them.

Her Majesty's sojourn, now, by the Clyde, must recall many memories of her former visit to it, in 1847, accompanied by the late Prince Consort; and it will not be forgotten that many changes, great and various—some of them, alas! full of sadness—have occurred since then.

G. E.-T.

Another addition has been made to the strength of the Navy by the launch, from Chatham Dockyard, of the war-cruiser Medusa, a sister ship to the Medea, recently completed at Chatham. She is intended to be employed as a swift cruiser, steaming at twenty knots an hour.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. Alwyne Greville, second son of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, with Miss Mabel Elizabeth Georgina Smith, only daughter of the late Mr. Ernald Smith, of Selsdon Park, Croydon, was celebrated on Aug. 8, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The officiating clergy were the Bishop of Rochester, assisted by the Rev. B. Bayly, Curate of St. Paul's. The bride entered the church with her uncle, Colonel Murray, of Polmaise Castle, and was subsequently given away by her mother. The bridal dress was white satin striped brocade train and bodice, with white embroidered crêpe de Chine in front, and festooned at the side with white satin ribbon and orange-blossom. She wore a tiara of diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom; and necklace of pearls, the gift of her mother. The six bridesmaids—Lady Eva Greville, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Hilda Smith, Miss Charteris, Miss Hall, Miss Seymour, and Miss Heseltine—were dressed in white crêpe de Chine, in Empire style, with broad yellow moiré sashes. They also wore yellow poppy bonnets, and carried large bouquets of clove carnations. Their ornaments were a "spray of May" brooch in diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridegroom's brother, the Hon. Sidney Greville, was best man. Among the presents were a handsome pair of silver candelabra from the Prince and Princess of Wales. Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales also sent presents. The bride's going-away dress was grey cashmere with white moiré petticoat, and lily-of-the-valley bonnet.

The marriage of Mr. Edmund R. Turton, son of Captain and Lady Cecilia Turton, of Upsall Castle, Yorkshire, with Miss Clementina Ponsonby, daughter of the Hon. Sir S. and Lady Ponsonby Fane, took place on Aug. 9 at Brympton Church, near Yeovil, Somersetshire, in the presence of a large number of relations and friends. The bridegroom was attended by his brother (Mr. R. B. Turton) as best man; and the bridesmaids were Miss and Miss Cecilia Turton (sisters of the bridegroom), and Misses V. Ponsonby, M. Phelps, and C. Phelps (nieces of the bride). The bride was given away by her father, the Hon. Sir S. Ponsonby Fane.

The marriage of Mr. Whistler and Mrs. Godwin took place on Aug. 11 at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. Mr. Labouchere, M.P., gave the bride away.

Mr. Charles Mathews, of the Western Circuit, was married on Aug. 11 at St. Peter's Church, Onslow-gardens, to Miss Sloper, the eldest daughter of the late well-known musician, Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

Mr. W. H. Clay and Mr. W. E. Mirehouse have been appointed revising barristers on the Oxford circuit in the place of Mr. Bros and Mr. Plowden, who have been appointed police Magistrates.

In their final report, the Commissioners on the Elementary Education Acts state that, while they desire to secure for the children in the public elementary schools the most thorough instruction in secular subjects, they are unanimously of opinion that their religious and moral training is of still higher importance.

A Parliamentary paper contains a Treasury minute adopting and carrying out several of the recommendations of the Committee on Perpetual Pensions. These are—1. That pensions, allowances, and payments ought not in future to be granted in perpetuity; 2. That offices with salaries and without duties, or with merely nominal duties, ought to be abolished; 3. That all existing Perpetual Pensions, allowances, and payments should be determined and abolished.

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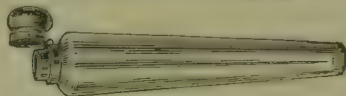
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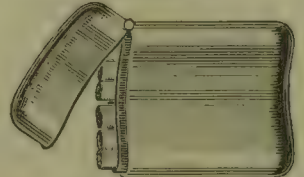
Solid Silver Bayonet Top Hunting Flask, in case complete, price £2 5s. 6d.



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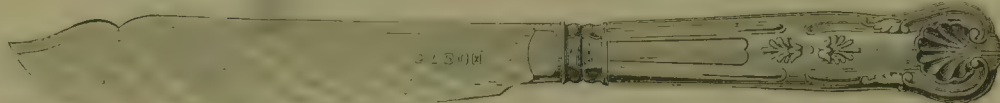
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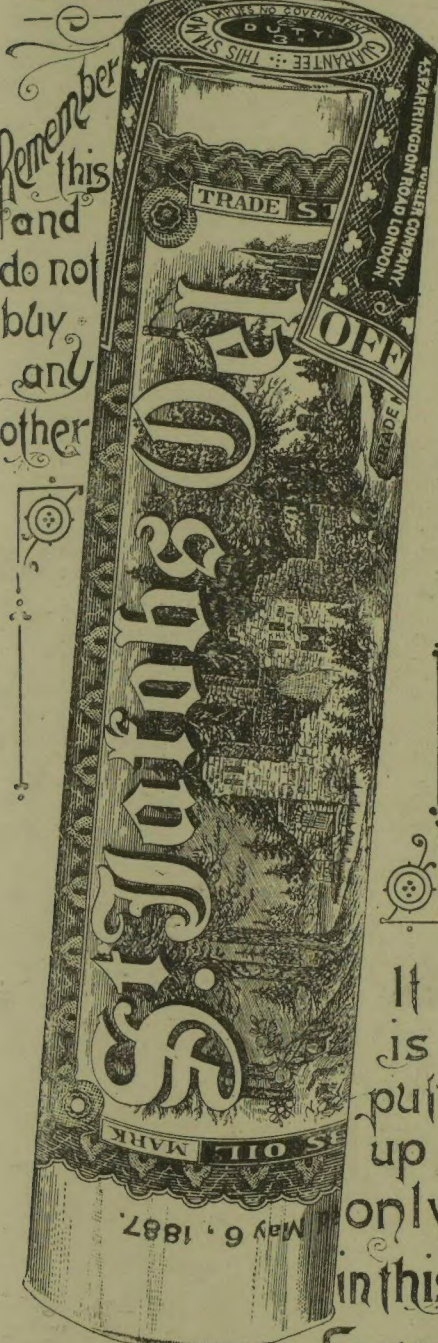
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THE ROYAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The annual congress of the Royal Archaeological Institute was opened in the Townhall, Leamington, on Aug. 7, under the presidency of Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the county. At noon the members of the institute and of the Warwickshire Archaeological and Natural History Society were publicly welcomed and received by the Mayor of Leamington, Earl Percy having vacated the presidential chair in favour of his temporary successor.

Lord Leigh gave his presidential address in which he welcomed the institute on their second visit to that county; their former visit having been made nearly a quarter of a century ago under Lord Talbot's presidency. He gave a brief outline of the objects of interest which they were about to inspect, and warned them that Warwickshire men would not regard with greater favour the man who attempted to remove their belief in Shakspeare than those who would remove his bones. At one o'clock there was an adjournment for luncheon; and soon after two o'clock the members went by train to Stratford-on-Avon, to inspect the scenes of Shakspeare's infancy, education, and after-life, visiting his birthplace in Henley-street, the grammar-school which he attended as a boy, the Guild Chapel in Chapel-street, the garden and site of New Place, where he lived after his retirement, the Memorial Theatre and market fountain, lately erected in his honour, and the parish church, which contains his ashes and his tomb. The return journey to Leamington was made in ample time for dinner, and for the opening of the antiquarian section, in the great room at the Townhall, by the Rev. J. Hirst, in the evening.

The 8th was a busy day, and the party paid visits to Broughton Castle, Lord Saye and Sele's fine place on the borders of Oxfordshire, and to Compton Wynyates, the once moated home of the Comptons, Lords Northampton. At four o'clock the bugle sounded for retreat, and the party drove back to Banbury, taking on their way the beautiful church of Adderbury, renowned for its fine Decorated windows, Perpendicular chancel, and graceful tower and spire. Here they were entertained at tea by Dr. Thorne on the lawn of his hospitable house. The chief features of the church having been hastily explained by Canon Venables, of Lincoln, the party returned by train to Leamington in time for the evening meetings of the several sections.

The members visited Beauchamp Chapel, Leicester Hospital, and the castle at Warwick on the 9th. At Warwick Museum, a vase which had been dug up during the construction of the Suez Canal was opened by Mr. Hirst, president of the archaeological section, and found to contain a number of human bones, evidently those of a child. The vase is of exquisite workmanship, and in excellent preservation, and was pronounced to be Etruscan and of great antiquity. The members were entertained at the castle by Lord Warwick, and in the evening they attended a conversation given by the Mayor of Leamington at the Townhall.

The archaeologists made an early start on the 10th, as they had a long and busy day before them, and their journey was to be made entirely by road. Their first halt was at Baginton church, where Mr. W. G. Fretton acted as their guide and interpreter over the church and the site of the ancient castle. From Baginton the party, reinforced by a large local contingent, made their way on to Stoneleigh, where the ruins and remains of the ancient abbey were explained and commented upon by Mr. Fretton. They then inspected the modern mansion of Lord Leigh, and the pictures and other treasures belonging to the family. They also were shown the interior of Stoneleigh church, with its fine Norman doorway, chancel arch,

and curious font, and other decorations and monuments, including that to the Duchess of Dudley, who was a daughter of the noble House of Leigh. At two o'clock they sat down to luncheon in the abbey cloister, and on leaving passed a vote of thanks to their noble president. Their next halt was at Kenilworth, where Mr. Hartshorne acted as their guide and interpreter, showing them the ground-plan of the castle as it was in the days of Elizabeth, almost surrounded by the lake, now dry. Leaving Kenilworth, they went on to Guy's Cliff, where they took tea with Miss Bertie Percy, and were conducted through the little chapel and hermitage by Mr. Hartshorne.

On Saturday, the 11th, the proceedings of the members were directed to the ancient city of Coventry, so rich in mediæval buildings and events. They travelled thither, a hundred strong, by railway soon after breakfast, and were received on their arrival by Mr. Fretton, who acted as their guide and interpreter as they visited the ancient structures to which he had already introduced them in a paper which he read in the historical section on Friday evening. Among the places specially visited were St. Mary's Hall, St. Michael's and Trinity Churches, the Benedictine Priory, and the site of the ancient Cathedral Church of Coventry and the Hospitium adjoining. They next inspected the remains of the ancient walls and gates of the city. St. John's Hospital, so long used as a free grammar school, the Collegiate Church of St. John, and the Bablake Hospital. The party then proceeded to lunch at the Craven Arms Hotel, after which they were led by Mr. Fretton over the Palace Yard, the buildings of the White Friars or Carmelites (now used as the Coventry Union), St. Anne's (formerly the Carthusian Monastery), the Park Walls, the Manor House of Cheylesmore, the Grey Friars (now Christ Church), and Ford's Hospital. The return journey was made in time for the party to dine and afterwards to hear the papers read in the antiquarian and architectural sections.

The members of the institute attended Divine service at the parish church of Leamington on Sunday, the 12th, when the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Cox.

Monday, the 13th, was a busy day. The members visited Baddesley Clinton, one of the finest of the old Warwickshire mansions, where the Rev. Mr. Norris acted as their guide. They afterwards proceeded to Knowle, where they inspected the church, a fine structure of the type so common in Norfolk. They reached Solihull soon after noon and lunched, after which they were shown the church and the curious chantry chapel of St. Alphage. They next visited Meriden and Berkeswell churches, which were described to them by Mr. W. G. Fretton, who drew special attention to the Norman crypt and parvis at the latter place, and the well which gives its name to the parish. They quitted Berkeswell by train for Leamington in time for the concluding evening meeting at the Townhall, where votes of thanks were passed to Lord Leigh, Lord Percy, the Mayors of the towns which the members had visited, and those persons who had either hospitably received them or had read papers.

Tuesday and Wednesday were two extra days, devoted to an exploration of the abbeys and churches of Leicester, and of the many fine parish churches of the county, ending by a visit to Ratcliffe College and its library.

The Queen has consented to be the patron of the British Archaeological Association's Congress at Glasgow, which will commence on Aug. 27. The Prince of Wales has also consented to be patron in his capacity as Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, and Baron Renfrew.

The forty-third annual meetings of the Cambrian Archaeological Association were opened on Aug. 13 at Cowbridge, and

continued for six days. There was a large gathering of members from all parts of the Principality and many parts of England. The presidential address was delivered before a large audience in the Townhall by the Bishop of Llandaff, the president-elect.

The August nights have presented beautiful sights to those who look skywards, with the flashing of meteors across the sky. The earth began to pass through the meteoric stream on Aug. 7, and these jewels of the darkness continued until the 13th. The next dates for meteors are Sept. 1 and 6. The same dates in November are set down for these beautiful visitants, and from the 11th to the 15th, and again on the 19th and 27th.

The forty-ninth annual general meeting of the Royal Botanic Society was held on Aug. 10, Mr. J. P. Gassiot (Vice-President) being in the chair. The council and auditors' reports showed the society to be in a fairly satisfactory state, though the recent cold wet season had proved very unfortunate for some of the floral exhibitions. In the ordinary scientific work of the society a general improvement was noticeable, the collections of plants and flowers having received numerous additions of great economic and general interest. The efforts of the society for the furtherance of technical education by the privileges it offers to students had also been highly appreciated.

An improved system of shoeing horses has been introduced by Mr. William South, of New Bond-street. The great fault in ordinary shoes is that they do not allow the feet to touch the ground in the natural manner. The "Rational" shoe, however, enables the frog and heel to be brought into natural healthy play, the hoof being put down flat on the sole. The shoe is made of specially prepared steel bars, and fits the front half of the hoof only. A groove is cut in the edge of the hoof to the shape of the shoe, but slightly less in depth, so that the plate fits in flush with the wall or crust, and almost flush with the sole. The horse is thus able to place the foot down flat, in the natural way, the front rim of the hoof being protected by the shoe against the friction of the road, and the whole of the natural pad or frog and the sole is brought into proper play. The footing thus secured is stated to be absolutely safe on the most slippery surface.

The great annual meeting of archers from all parts of the kingdom has been held in York. The champion honours were won by Mr. C. E. Nesham and Miss Legh. The leading score prizes fell to Mr. C. E. Nesham, 820, and Miss Legh, 732; second to Mr. H. H. Palaiet, 781, and Mrs. W. Yates Foot, 665; third to Mr. E. C. Gedge, 759, and Mrs. Eyre Hussey, 643; fourth to Mr. E. N. Snow, 757, and Miss B. Bagnall Oakeley, 622; fifth to Mr. F. A. Govett, 714, and Miss B. M. Legh, 590; and sixth to Mr. F. L. Govett, 696, and Miss M. A. Winwood, 599. Mr. Nesham took the Spedding memorial cup for first gross score. The county challenge prizes were won by the Middlesex team (Messrs. Govett, Messrs. Longman, Mr. L. R. Erskine, and Colonel Lewin), 3636; and by the Gloucestershire team (Miss Legh, Miss Oakeley, the Rev. B. M. Legh, Mrs. Piers Legh, Miss Cholmondeley, and Miss Carnegy), 3252. The greatest number of golds were:—Mr. G. Knowles, 13, and Miss F. Bardswell, 15; and the best golds, Mr. F. R. Preston and Mrs. George Bird. Of the associated club prizes, the first gross scores were Mr. L. R. Erskine, 637, and Mrs. H. Clarke, 516; the second ditto, Major Fisher, 631, and Miss E. Palmer, 515; the most golds, Captain Garnett and Mr. Gregson (prize divided), 11; and Mrs. R. Berens, 14; best golds, Mr. C. H. Everett and Mrs. C. E. Nesham. Major Fisher has succeeded Sir R. Temple as president of the National Society.

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